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DRUMMER

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MAGAZINE FOR THE ADULT LEATHERMAN

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coming up:

DRUMMER GOES TO A SLAVE AUCTION

Step right up and see Val
Martin parade tender
young stuff, for sale to the
highest bidder... and all
for charity!

CLASSICAL S&M

A little culture can't hurt.
Beginning a new feature,
"S&M Classics Revisited."
From the Old Masters,
natch.

DRUMMER BAR OF THE MONTH

Moving out of California,
we take a look at D.C.'s
Eagle, a capital bar in the
nation's capital.

COWBOYS & INDIANS

Movie mayhem reruns
where the good guys don't
always win. Hooray!

SCAT, ANYONE?

The ever-popular question,
asked anew by Frank Edwards

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

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SIR!

To The Editor:

The third edition of DRUMMER was great, surpassed the first two! Particularly like the wild FF article, the "Born to Raise Hell" photos... the piss photo on page 18 is a real turn-on for W/S-oriented me. Wow! Finally the "In passing" bit, particularly on Kelway Pollack who is now my chief Master fantasy. Among "can do withouts" in the last issue was the Black Pipe article and your continued listing of the Vineyard in Asheville, NC at that Route 1, Box 593C address. Mail sent to that address is returned.

Again, great issue. Keep up the good work.

David
Raleigh, NC

Dear David:

The third edition is the last one in which you'll see either the Vineyard listing or the Black Pipe article. Glad you liked the rest!

Editor:

Casting eyes for the first time on DRUMMER was, in many respects, an eye-opener. I'm amazed at the many aspects of enlightenment. I would specifically like to congratulate with high merits all who helped to make its launching such a success: editor, printer, artist, writers, etc. There is certainly much work connected with this.

Name and Address Withheld

Dear Sirs:

I am enjoying your magazine very much. I found Robert Payne's article on "Shaving your slave" of great interest.

Two years ago I experienced the sublime act of submission. My master shaved me from head to toe, and still keeps me shaved.

Aside from a sexual turn on, it has become a social statement of my subservience. Any further info or ideas will be appreciated.

Humbly

Shackled, Shaved & Serving
Mountain View, Calif.

Gentlemen:

P.S.—I agree with Fred from Wyoming on the one hand—I certainly don't like advertising for the "National Socialist League," but on the other hand, I agree with you about not censoring it. I in no way

agree with this group, but I believe nonetheless that it has as much a right to advertise in DRUMMER as any other group.

Keep it up,
James Koffel

Dear STUDS and all:

Sixty-five percent of "Male Call" is self-congratulatory! I'm not disputing this, but it's a stunt as old as the hills to publish such stuff. Completely outdated. Readers look for variety. I'm sure the Editors concerned could do a better job. You're not telling me you don't receive a better variety in letters, for I'm sure you do. I wrote after the first issue came out.

Harry
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Yes, and we ran part of your letter in the second issue. We run congratulatory mail because that's what we receive. We also have run the task-taking letters. All two of them!

Gentlemen:

A correction for DRUMMER.

The Ranch is not a leather bar nor are leather types welcome!

Kindly remove The Ranch from your publication.

Al
Provincetown, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I am your typesetter and I want to express how much I enjoy typesetting each new issue of DRUMMER. However, I must confess, this is not an easy task since so many of the articles really turn me on which creates a difficulty for me: it is difficult to see the keyboard behind my huge hard-on. Maybe I should go to secretarial school and learn to type by feel... but that may cause a new problem: sticky keys!

A. J. Laurent
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Payne,

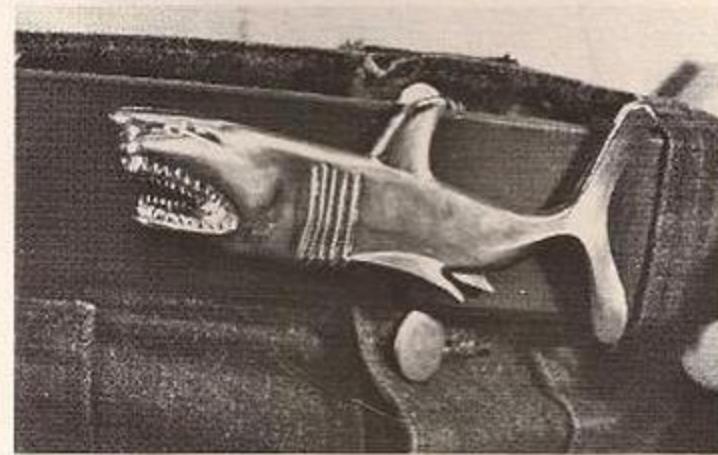
Thank you for sending the copies of DRUMMER. A correction on DRUMMER will appear in our January-February newsletter which is on its way to the printers, informing our members that we goofed and that you are still publishing DRUMMER. Since the newsletter will be mailed right after the Christmas mails, this should "clear" you with our members for the New Year.

Regret the poor information earlier received from our member—

Best,
T.A.I.L.S.

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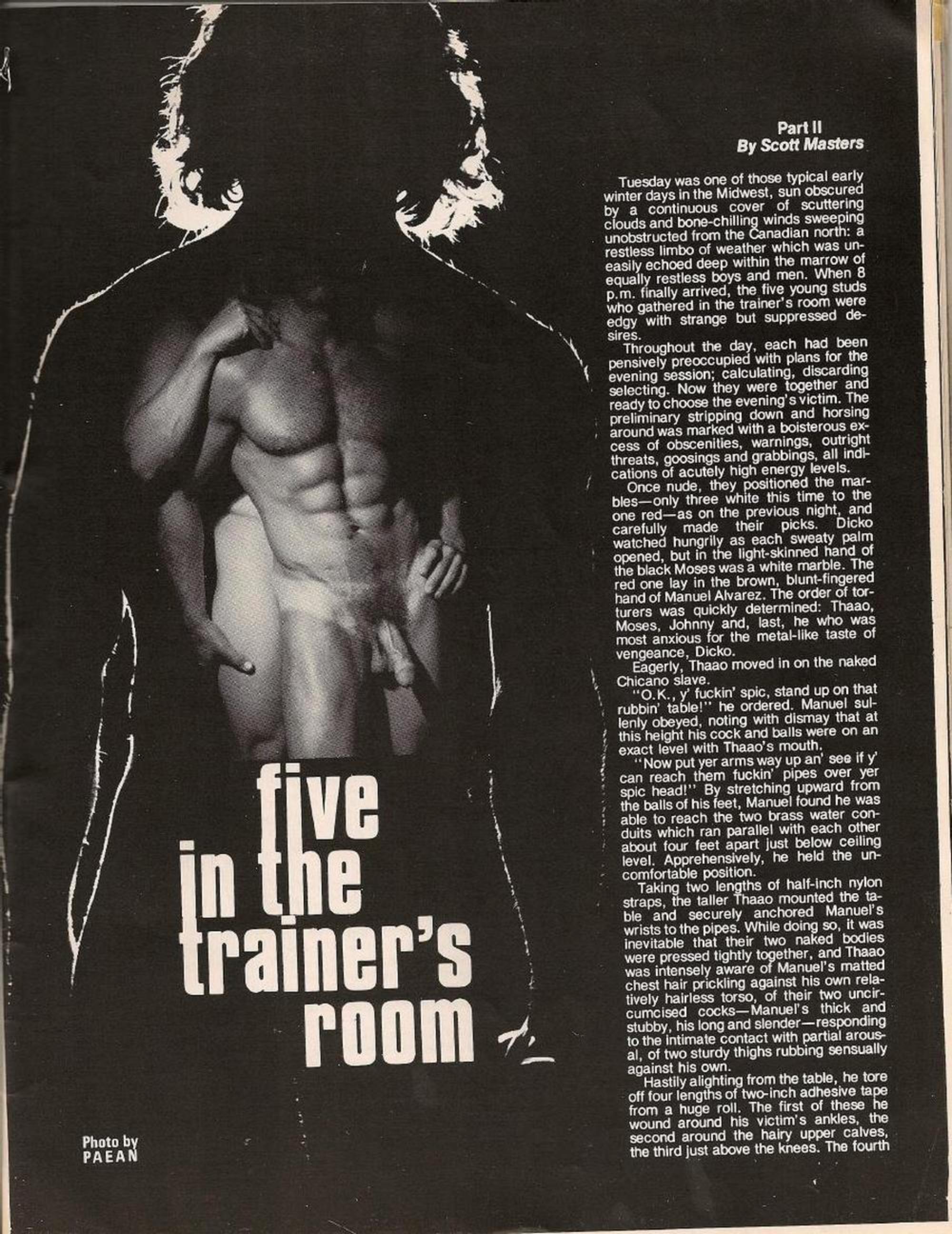
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Part II
By Scott Masters

Tuesday was one of those typical early winter days in the Midwest, sun obscured by a continuous cover of scuttering clouds and bone-chilling winds sweeping unobstructed from the Canadian north: a restless limbo of weather which was uneasily echoed deep within the marrow of equally restless boys and men. When 8 p.m. finally arrived, the five young studs who gathered in the trainer's room were edgy with strange but suppressed desires.

Throughout the day, each had been pensively preoccupied with plans for the evening session; calculating, discarding, selecting. Now they were together and ready to choose the evening's victim. The preliminary stripping down and horsing around was marked with a boisterous excess of obscenities, warnings, outright threats, goosings and grabbings, all indications of acutely high energy levels.

Once nude, they positioned the marbles—only three white this time to the one red—as on the previous night, and carefully made their picks. Dicko watched hungrily as each sweaty palm opened, but in the light-skinned hand of the black Moses was a white marble. The red one lay in the brown, blunt-fingered hand of Manuel Alvarez. The order of torturers was quickly determined: Thaao, Moses, Johnny and, last, he who was most anxious for the metal-like taste of vengeance, Dicko.

Eagerly, Thaao moved in on the naked Chicano slave.

"O.K., y' fuckin' spic, stand up on that rubbin' table!" he ordered. Manuel suddenly obeyed, noting with dismay that at this height his cock and balls were on an exact level with Thaao's mouth.

"Now put yer arms way up an' see if y' can reach them fuckin' pipes over yer spic head!" By stretching upward from the balls of his feet, Manuel found he was able to reach the two brass water conduits which ran parallel with each other about four feet apart just below ceiling level. Apprehensively, he held the uncomfortable position.

Taking two lengths of half-inch nylon straps, the taller Thaao mounted the table and securely anchored Manuel's wrists to the pipes. While doing so, it was inevitable that their two naked bodies were pressed tightly together, and Thaao was intensely aware of Manuel's matted chest hair prickling against his own relatively hairless torso, of their two uncircumcised cocks—Manuel's thick and stubby, his long and slender—responding to the intimate contact with partial arousal, of two sturdy thighs rubbing sensually against his own.

Hastily alighting from the table, he tore off four lengths of two-inch adhesive tape from a huge roll. The first of these he wound around his victim's ankles, the second around the hairy upper calves, the third just above the knees. The fourth

five in the trainer's room

Photo by
PAEAN

FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN MINUTES, MANUEL EXPERIENCED SUCH AGONY AS HE HAD NOT BELIEVED POSSIBLE FOR THE HUMAN BODY, EVEN HIS TOUGHLY MUSCLED ONE TO ENDURE. . .MANUEL'S SCREAMS DISSOLVED INTO A COARSE WHIMPERING—

fastened first in the back, just under the two firm buttocks, and then to the front, lifting Manuel's low-swinging balls to fasten it behind them, thus thrusting them out in an unnaturally predominant position. When Manuel glanced downward, those vulnerable genitals dominated his line of vision, so tightly stretched was his helpless body.

"Me, I choose . . . the legs!" Thaao announced. "Start timin'!"

He selected a hard-rubber-headed reflex-testing hammer from the first aid supplies and violently kicked the table away from under the balls of Manuel's feet, bringing an involuntary gasp from his victim's throat as his entire weight was unexpectedly supported only by his widely spread wrists. Moses, Johnny and Dicko circled the naked body of their athlete colleague, fascinated with the way this suspension threw into high relief the various muscle groups of the strong young body, highlights and shadows accentuated by the glare of the fluorescent lights.

Edging the others aside roughly, Thaao carefully aimed the sharp-headed hammer. Then, suddenly, he landed a blow just a fraction of an inch below Manuel's right kneecap. The effect was devastating: the hanging body arched convulsively and a piercing shriek reverberated around the room. Another immediate strike, unerringly aimed at the same spot along the left patella, induced a similarly uncontrollable reaction.

For the next fifteen minutes Manuel experienced such agony as he had not believed possible for the human body, even his toughly muscled one, to endure. Thaao brutally rapped a pattern of taps around the perimeters of those two kneecaps, switching from one to the other, and each blow was like a spike driven into a cluster of nerve ends. Manuel's screams dissolved into a coarse whimpering, his sweat-glistening torso twisting violently this way and that, his cock and balls flapping about wildly.

When, blessedly, "Time!" was finally called, Thaao got in a few gratuitous licks by removing the four lengths of adhesive tape as slowly as possible, taking off a maximum amount of body hair in the process. The table was returned beneath Manuel's feet. Thaao mounted it, and released his captive's wrists from the overhead pipes. Manuel collapsed into his arms, gripping his nude body tightly for several minutes while waiting for his trembling to quiet down. He then moved abruptly

away under his own power.

Moses, whose turn was next, could scarcely wait for the "rest period" to pass before demanding that Manuel assume the same position on the table as had Thaao. In only a matter of seconds, the hapless victim found himself once again hanging from his spread, aching wrists. Moses placed a long, low bench in front of Manuel and adroitly jumped onto it.

"The tits for me!" he gloated. "Start timin'."

He moved in against Manuel and ordered him to lock his legs around his own muscular chest, enjoying the feel of cock and balls just beneath his chin as he had Dicko fasten Manuel's ankles tightly around his back. Next he called for two clothespins from the janitor's closet, and Johnny was quick to oblige. Brushing the thick black hairs away from Manuel's right nipple, he viciously clamped one clothespin to that tender tuft of flesh. A low groan was heard from deep within Manuel's throat, and his cock jerked slightly against Moses' thick black neck.

The process was repeated on the left nipple, and then the torturer fiendishly grabbed hold of each clothespin. A humorless smile played around his lips as he initiated a routine of simultaneously pulling and twisting them. Each new pressure added pain to the utterly helpless body of the victim, and his moaning provided a continuous obligato to the scene. He felt that his nipples were being relentlessly ripped from his chest. But he was also aware that his cock had become almost completely erect against Moses' broad black shoulder and, glancing down at the other young athletes, he saw that their cocks as well were nearly all erect. Later, he would wonder about this phenomenon.

He had been wrong, however, in thinking that there could be no greater pain, for Moses now demanded a safety pin from the trainer's first aid kit. Opening it and stretching it out straight, he pulled the right nipple taut with the clothespin, then began pushing the point of the safety pin in a circular pattern around the periphery of the aureola. Each pierce of the pin brought a scream from the victim, so effectively locked into position that he could in no way pull back to avoid the continuing torture, even when his tormentor switched and repeated the entire procedure on his left nipple.

Only the call of "Time!" prevented his lapsing into a state of complete hysteria.

Manuel needed every second of the extra long fifteen-minute respite in order to bring his mind and body back into some sort of equilibrium. He didn't see how Johnny Todd, who was up next, could think of anything to equal or even come close to what he had already experienced. Yet his heart beat faster when he caught the evil glint in the all-American boy's eyes, saw the evil beneath the fixed smirk on the innocently handsome face.

"O.K., y' motherfuckin' brownie, now it's my turn!" Johnny suddenly shouted. "I wantcha t' kneel on this fuckin' bench with yer legs tight together, and stretch that fuckin' spic body forward on yer elbows with yer wrists crossed!"

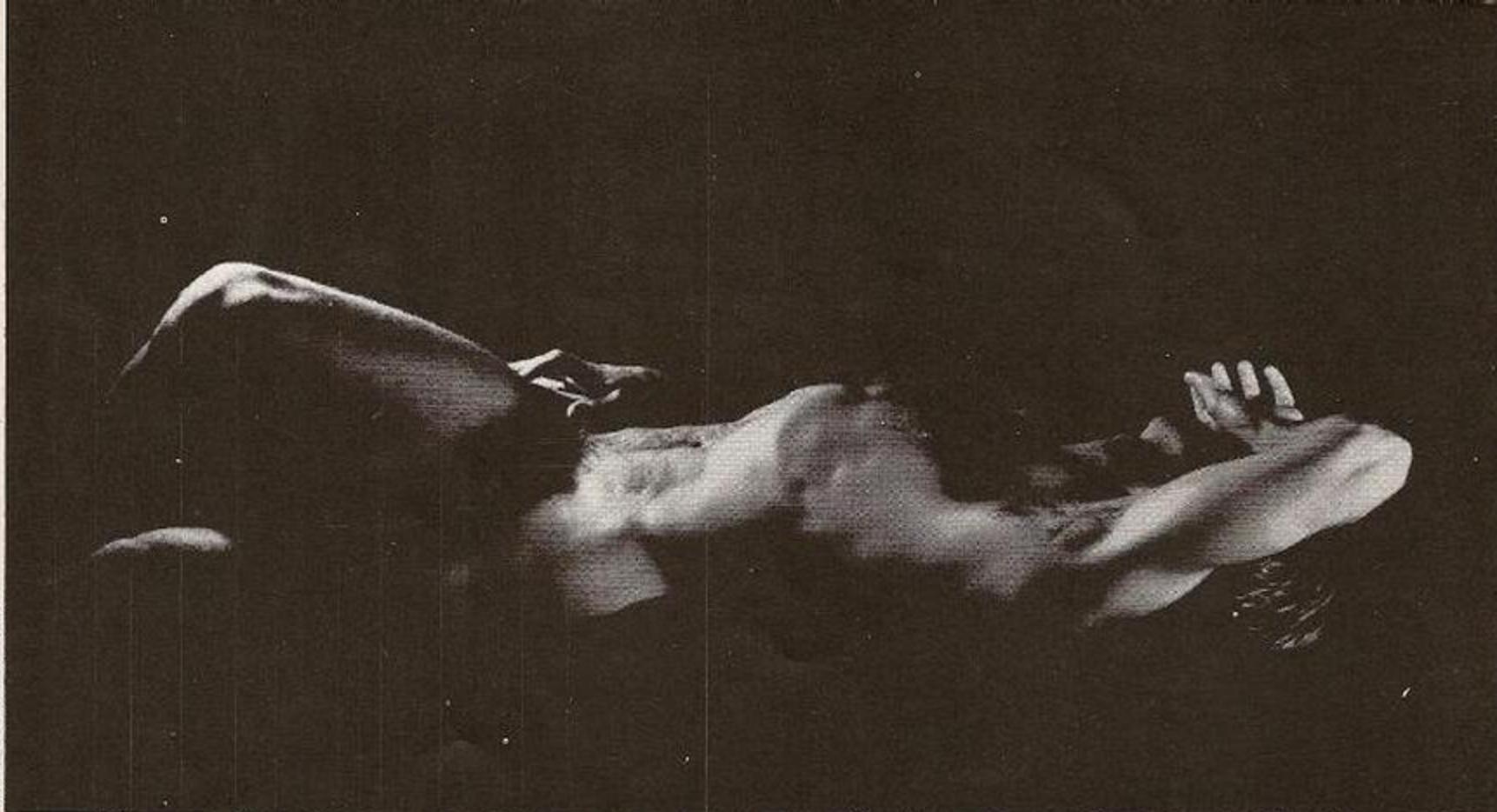
Once he had taken this position, Manuel's body formed a kind of bridge, his ass high in the air. Johnny taped the thighs together, then fastened them to the bench itself. He repeated the fastenings just below the knees and at the ankles. Wrists were then tied tightly together and also taped to the bench, as were the fore-arms just below the elbows. Head hanging down, Manuel was staring at his own free-hanging genitals and was glad that those precious appendages, at least, were not in a vulnerable position.

"I surely do hope y' took a good shit today," he heard Johnny saying, "cuz what I'm gonna do is give that nice tight asshole of yours a good workout!"

Manuel panicked. He knew that he could in no way endure the humiliation of being raped, and was about to signal a withdrawal from all further activities. But then he realized that Johnny was moving away, going to a locker.

From his jeans in the locker Johnny took a dime, then got a bottle of Coke from the machine in the corner. He snapped off its cap and called for the timing to begin. Thaao and Dicko and Moses crowded close, sensing a truly unique experience ahead. Sure of the audience's total attention, Johnny caressed the naked butt in front of him with his left hand for a moment, then slipped it into the deep, hairy valley and found the tight anal opening with his middle finger.

Manuel squirmed uncomfortably at the penetration, trying to find words for his inevitable capitulation. Before he had a chance to shout it out, however, Johnny withdrew his finger. With his right thumb over the opening of the Coke bottle, he shook it vigorously for a moment or two, agitating the gaseous contents. Then,



with an abruptly sudden move, he thrust the open end into the lips of the virginal anus.

The explosion of icy, prickling bubbles into this tender area caused Manuel to lunge forward and cry out, but Johnny was prepared for this and held the bottle firmly in place. Manuel felt that his whole lower intestinal tract was on fire, being eaten away, but his frantic movements only increased the awful hurt. He could not believe it when he noticed that he had developed the hugest hard-on of his entire life. It was as if his cock belonged to someone else.

Now thoroughly enjoying himself, Johnny applied an even greater pressure which thrust the ever-enlarging shape of the bottle deeper and deeper into the body of Manuel, now stretched out flat, belly pressed into the unyielding wood of the bench, chest resting on folded and secured arms. The feeling within him was that the bottle, relentlessly moving further and further into his colon, would penetrate through his stomach wall and impale him to the bench itself. Stinging bubbles seemed diffused throughout his entire system, and a sweetish flavor in his throat stifled his gurgled cries.

"Time!"

The bottle was slowly withdrawn and the bindings removed from the reddened, tender flesh. Manuel twisted into a sitting position, then stood up—gingerly. His rear end was too tender to accept the weight of his torso. Only his enormous erection, focus of every eye in the room, remained as evidence of his ordeal. That, and an unspoken rage of revenge to be directed, when his turn came, against one Johnny Todd.

Dicko, who would have his first opportunity as torturer during the next and final round, had been a highly intent observer during the evening. He matched Manuel's reactions with his own experiences of the previous night, remembering the lashing his butt had received from him, and gleefully formulated his plans. So, now that it was at last his turn, he was more than ready.

With great anticipation he, too, had Manuel kneel on the bench but then forced him onto his back, legs bent unnaturally under him. Several turns of two-inch adhesive tape over mid-thighs and under the bench effectively locked the legs into position. Another strip went tightly around his waist and the bench. After pulling Manuel's arms tautly above his head and fastening those to the bench as well, Dicko was ready.

With immense concentration he approached Manuel's immobilized, naked body.

"Me for the balls!" he announced.

As the timing began, he took a long half-inch strip of the nylon webbing and made a noose at one end. Pushing the now-flaccid cock to one side, he picked up the Chicano's scrotum. He slipped the noose over the balls and anchored it as close to the body as it would go. Then he started winding it around the sac and moved downward, forcing the balls ever more tightly into the constricted, glistening area. Manuel's breathing became rasping and irregular.

When it seemed that the small portion of the sac left containing the balls would burst from the pressure exacted on it, Dicko tied off the nylon webbing. Then he began massaging Manuel's cock into an

erection, excruciatingly increasing the pressure on the balls. Maintaining the gentle massage on the thickly extended organ with one hand, he all of a sudden flicked one of the tightly imprisoned balls with the middle finger of his other hand.

Manuel let loose with by far the shrillest scream of the evening. That snap on his ball blazed a trail of sheer agony straight up his spinal cord to the base of his brain, exploding there in a shower of shattered nerve ends. Before he had time to take a breath there was a flick on the other ball, and the agony of the first was doubled. Tears ran from his eyes, and he now knew what his breaking point was.

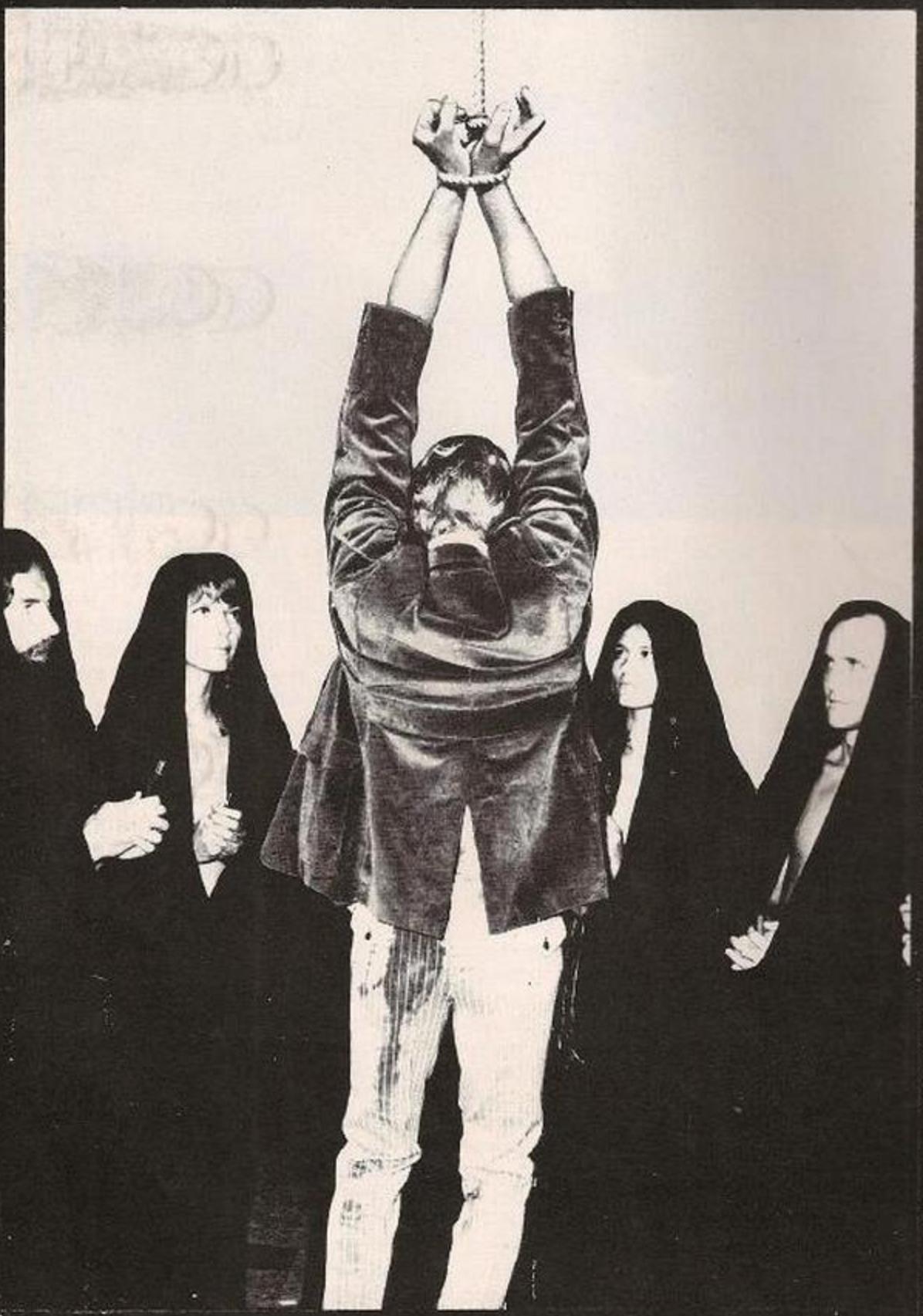
Wave upon wave of pain coursed through the husky young body as Dicko rapidly flicked one ball and then the other, never ceasing his manipulation of the tumescent cock. Manuel was too exhausted from squirming and screaming to utter the words necessary to call a halt to the proceedings. It is quite possible that the shouted word "Time!", as it cut through his curtain of anguish, saved his sanity.

Manuel knew, as they were once again ending the session with a shower, that he had endured far worse torment than Dicko had the night before. And Moses and Thaao and Johnny, whose turns as victims were yet to come, also knew it. Now added to the original game was the element of revenge as those who had served as victim grew in number and, yes, in hate.

As a result, the showering was even more subdued than the night before.

continued in next issue...

NECROPHILIA FETIS FETIS



At my mother's funeral five years ago, I discovered how deep my feelings against undertakers are. I suppose we are taught subliminally from youth to distrust the mortician, not only because of the dubious business practices of a large segment of that industry, but because we are positive that they must

have ulterior motives for entering the profession. My mother had died in a boating accident, still young and good-looking. I was convinced that the morticians, being inured to death, could not possibly be sincere in their pious attitudes, and I had a sneaking suspicion that they were carrying on with Ma in the backrooms after hours.

Two days after returning to Los Angeles from the funeral, suspicions intact, I was coincidentally cast in a horror film about necrophilia. We were to shoot for a couple of weeks in a working mortuary, and I was going to be murdered for film in the prep room on a porcelain table, the one with the gutters.

After I had adjusted to my feelings about the atmosphere, my dispassionate observations were fascinating. You must realize that to us filmmakers, the practice of undertaking was some kind of fantasy. To the morticians, undertaking was the reality and "Hollywood" was the dream. The facts met smack in the halls. I remember a cute little dress extra coming in for one day's work and burbling to *their* make-up man at work on a customer, "Oh, what a great prop!" "No, dear," I said, "that one is real." I was immediately sorry because I had to hold her head over a basket, but oddly enough she didn't leave the shoot.

My observations of the people actually working in the mortuary did much to modify my original views. The fact that staff and clientele were all black had no bearing, except to provide additional color. At all times they were careful and considerate, both of the deceased and the family. After several weeks of close contact, I could be sure that they weren't acting around me. Knowing as I do that man's every strange impulse can be socially rechanneled, as when the urge to cut or destroy assumes social benefits in the form of surgery or sculpture, I concluded that a fondness for the dead could likewise be put to good use. Undertakers certainly do take a big mess off our hands at a time when we are unable to handle it ourselves, incapacitated as we are by strong emotion.

I actually developed a great admiration for the little cosmetician whose client outweighed him by 140 pounds. Getting a face from our make-up man, I watched him struggle to get a woman into the jacket of a blue suit while a fat, black preacher ignored his difficulties by busying himself at catching flies. Finally the little man asked him to help hold her up in a sitting position. The preacher jumped back a foot and explained, "Ah don't touch no dead bodies!" Disgusted, I pushed away the eyebrow pencil and walked over to put her coat on.

FETISH FETISH FETISH

There was one washed-out blond around the premises who didn't seem to have too much to do. When I asked him his function, he told me that he was an assistant director and technical advisor with our company, that he'd been hired because he was a mortician.

I couldn't help it. I asked him, "And are you a necrophiliac, too?"

He didn't answer the question, but his ears turned bright red. Later, near the end of the shoot and after I had spent two days nude painted white as a corpse, he began asking me for dates. I declined the invitations.

It must be mentioned that, in researching my role, I talked to a resident shrink at USC. My respect for the screenplay was enhanced, because all of his comments were portrayed.

Dr. Mike said, "This aberration usually occurs at an early age and results from the trauma of the death of the opposite-sex parent."

I asked what the actual sex act was and he replied, "We know that mutilation is often involved, but we really don't have too much information about it."

"Why?"

"Because we don't see too many necrophiliacs in clinical practice. Most of them go quietly into the embalming business. But the theory is that this severely traumatized individual is incapable of any kind of emotional involvement and, obviously, necrophilia requires no conversation at all. And perhaps the mutilation is a form of revenge on the dead parent for his or her early departure."

As we all know, though often bound and gagged during sex, Ms require some dealing with both before and after!

Several months later, when the picture came out, Robert Payne showed me a letter from an undertaker in Santa Barbara. I sent a note back, telling him about the picture. I was hoping he would come on so I could satisfy my curiosity about necrophilia and, perhaps, find out what Dr. Mike couldn't tell me.

The reply was an invitation to his place of business, so I drove up to Santa Barbara. He wasn't bad-looking and he seemed to have no difficulty in talking to me, at least in social superficialities.

We went into his prep room where, on the table, lay an exceptionally good-looking blond youth of about twenty-two. He was nude and in the conventional repose of death, hands clasped on chest. His legs, however, were spread, hanging down over the gutters from the knees. His cock was shrunken, flaccid, and his balls looked as though they had fled back up into his abdomen.

[This article should not be interpreted as editorial judgment, pro or con, of necrophilia. We are discussing it because it is a progression beyond the usual S&M relationship in which there is limited control of another. In the necrophiliac romance, the control is total. The active partner can, and often does, carve up his subject and will, and he need not relate at all. He doesn't even have to say, "I love you!"]



I learned that he had drowned in a surfing accident, and the similar circumstances to my mother's death made me absolutely certain that I did not want to touch him. My host asked if I wanted just to suck cock conventionally in the Sample Room, the "samples" being coffins, not corpses. That I also declined and I left the man—both of us, I'm sure, confused and perplexed.

I drove back down the Coast in a rather numb state until I saw the prettiest backpacker hitchhiking. His conversation was gleeful and joyous, and his cock was alive and hot when I touched it.

—William Wulfwine

SMOKE FROM JEANNIE'S LAMP

Before getting into it this issue, I must take exception to some remarks made by a writer for one of the bar rags. In a recent copy he comments, "S and M is a subject believed to be only a PHYSICAL BATTLEGROUND, in most people's eyes, who seem afraid to venture SOUTH of MARKET, to its bars, restaurants, and bath houses. We all know that it exists and either condone or condemn its purpose. Somehow a picture has been planted (sic) in the eyes of the NORTH of MARKET folk, that all who make this sector of our city their stomping grounds are into perverted sex and own every kind of specialized tool made to perform it."

"Perverted sex"? Just who in hell is this bird that he feels qualified to label as perverse the sexual practices of another human being or group of human beings? Inasmuch as he was writing for a gay rag, it's logical to assume that he is himself gay and thus long the target of attacks by those other self-styled experts on human sexuality who maintain that any activity other than male-female missionary position is "perverted sex."

The gay struggle for equality in and by a mostly non-gay world has been a lengthy and tedious one, and it continues. But how much easier it would be if our brothers fought with us and not against us!

Dear Jeannie:

Recently some new terminology began appearing in ads, and no one I've talked to here in the Midwest knows what it means yet. The term is "Aroma" and it is always capitalized and in quotes.

B.H.
Toledo, Ohio

Dear B.H.:

"Aroma" refers to the various brands of synthetic amyl, such as "Jac-Aroma," "Locker Room Aroma," etc., which have proliferated since The Blue Meanies discovered to what nefarious uses amyl was being put and yanked it off the market. Even "real" amyl, incidentally, was a synthetic made from isoamyl alcohol. The "Aromas" are made from isobutyl. Sometimes the "ayes" have it; with amyl and the "Aromas," the nose has it!

The following letter was addressed to lovable ol' Robert Payne, who turned it over to the resident Answer Lady....

There are a lot of terms I do not quite understand and so am asking you to explain them to me.

Since I have never had any S/M experience, is it possible to have partners who might be old hands but who are understanding, tolerant and patient?

Is it unusual to not want to inflict bodily pain on the partner, but only to give pleasure? I am at a loss, a little, as to how the pain can give any pleasure. Or does it happen that after the threshold of pain has been reached pleasure and enjoyment follow? This is unclear.

Can one really rely on total discretion from partners? Will some partners possibly stoop to blackmail or the sort?

How does hot wax fit in? Won't it burn?

Are rods for beating? Are branding irons actually used by some?

What is the purpose of stiff body brushes?

What are bits? How are they used? How are ball stretchers applied? Can they be physically harmful?

What does an anus stretcher look like? Can it, too, be physically harmful?

Could not the use of catheters be dangerous and lead to infections?

What is a Golden Shower?

Is there really such a thing as fist fucking? Have read of same, but thought it was fiction. Can some anuses really take a fist and an arm?

Do people actually enjoy being chained or tied to fixtures or suspended from a ceiling?

Wouldn't beating with chains maim a person?

Do some partners enjoy shaving the pubic area, ass, entire body?

What does "giving head" mean? I have an idea, but I'm not sure.

What is the point of laxatives except for digestive purge?

All these questions stem from both interest and from total ignorance.

R.T.
Watertown, New York

Dear R.T.:

Whew! You ARE curious, aren't you?

Let's begin with a brief but basic discussion of sadomasochistic sex in general.

In all aspects of human relations . . . social, sexual, psychological, etc. . . . some people are the stronger, the more dominant, the more aggressive and, obviously, others are their opposites: weaker, more submissive, more passive. Sexual S&M, then, is merely a carrying of real life to the nth degree. As some take pleasure in exerting psychological dominance, and others in bending beneath it, so, too, is there pleasure to be gained from sexual dominance and submission.

Although severe pain is not integral to an S&M relationship, there is almost always some pain involved. This may be a combination of physical pain inflicted by tangible objects and the socio-psychological pain of, say, humiliation in front of one's peers. Or it may be just the give-and-take of physical pain before or during sexual activity. For the most part, however, the amount of actual pain increases or decreases according to one's enjoyment, ability to handle it, etc. It's a very exciting thing, almost like an adrenalin rush, to know that you are totally in charge of another human being. This feeling alone is often the end to justify the means, for it is in itself an orgasmic experience.

Continued on next page . . .

NEW OUTFIT for
The LEATHER TRIP

NEW STUDS

on C and B "WRISTBAPS"
that shine, sparkle, pinch,
or GLOW in the DARK!

Send large stamped envelope for illustrated circular
TO THE LEATHERMAID

MENTION
DRUMMER

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Los Angeles, CA. 90026

Now to some of your specific questions...

One is probably less apt to run into a blackmail situation in S&M than in more conventional sex practices for the simple reason that S&M, by its very nature, requires ultimate trust and confidence on the part of both partners. This is not to guarantee that there aren't a few nuts out there. I'm convinced that Little Boy Blue hid under a haystack to get away from some dude who was onto what the kid was doing with the sheep in the meadow and the cow in the corn!

Hot wax does not "burn" in the sense a lighted cigarette does, but you definitely know it's there. Light a

candle and let some of the wax drip onto your arm. The sensation is not unpleasant unless it's the police who happen to be doing the paraffin test!

Unfortunately, space really does not permit comprehensive answers to all of your questions. I'll refer you, instead, to Robert Payne's "Care & Training of the Male Slave" and to previous issues of DRUMMER: "The ABCs of S&M" in #1; "Golden Shower Festival" in #2; and "FFofA" in Issue #3. I guarantee you that these handy source materials will tell you everything you always wanted to know about S&M and weren't afraid to ask!

JEANNIE BARNEY

CALIFORNIA



SCENE

Issue: \$1.25 postpaid / Ten Issues: \$10

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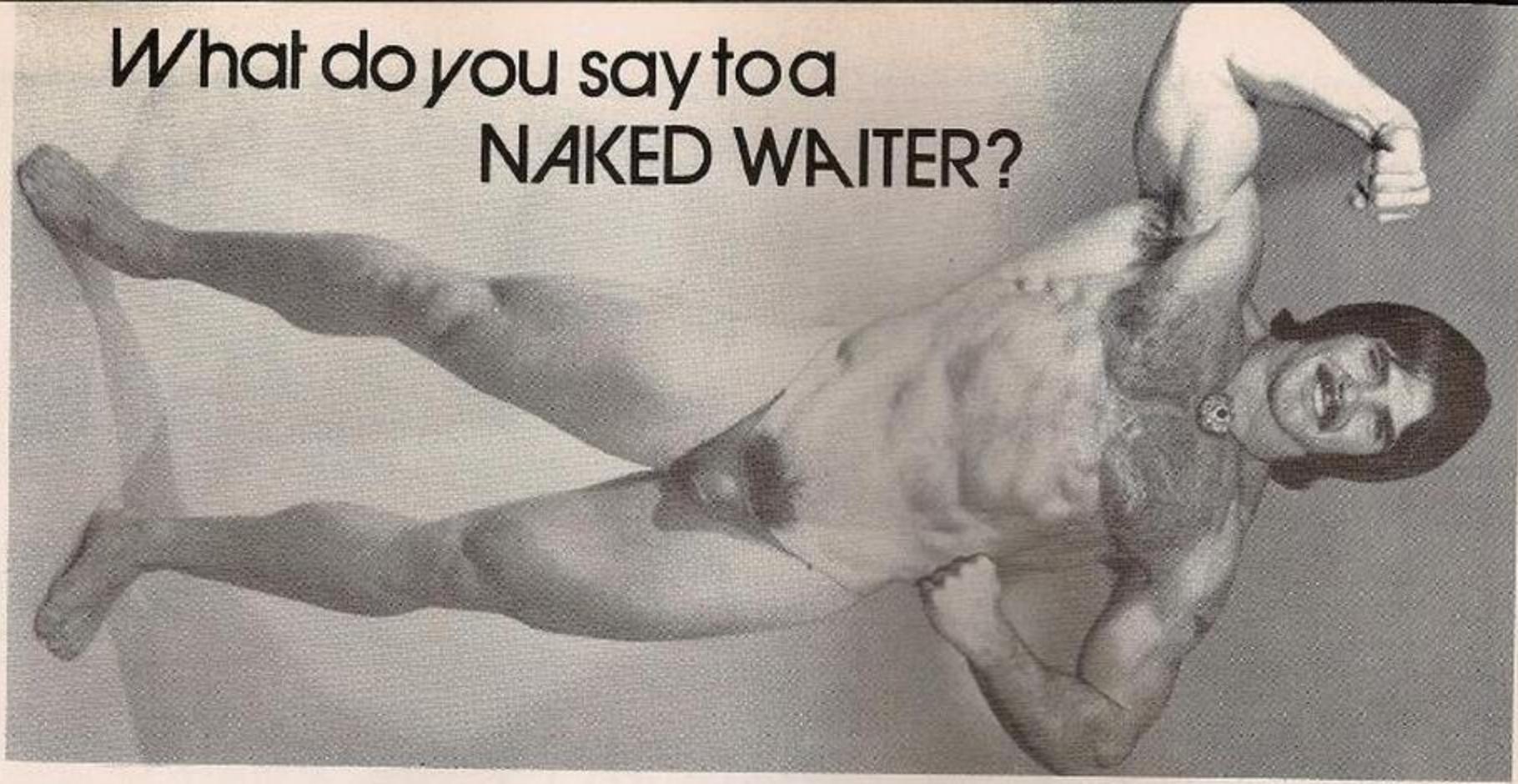
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What do you say to a NAKED WAITER?



This is one of those shows where the cast changes so often that you really can't tell the players without a program! In its most recent incarnation at The Body Shop in Los Angeles, Sundai Sterling replaces Jerlene Rome in literally and figuratively groping for the answer to the question posed by the title. Billed as the "First original nude show for the modern female," "Naked Waiter's" cast vastly outnumbered the audience the night we were there, but they delivered the goods like real troupers, giving their all to the six or seven of us in attendance.

Created by Jack Cione from his best-selling book of the same title, the male nude revue came to L.A. direct from a record three-year run at the Dunes in Honolulu where, I understand, the gentlemen waiting tables were sans sarong. At The Body Shop they're clad in lava-lavas, those Dorothy Lamour threads without the top. Fret not; the wrap-arounds unwrap when the waiters hit the stage, adding the only dimension... long, short, thick, juicy (I know that's not a dimension!)... to an otherwise cardboard burlesque.

Who, you must be wondering, is Sundai Sterling? From our program notes we learn that the blonde chanteuse is a newcomer to acting and a newcomer to the show who stepped into her mistress-of-ceremonies role on four days' notice and "made it what it is today—a show that opened on four days' notice." We believe! We believe! Sundai is to "Naked Waiter" what Barbie is to Mattel: 100% plastic! She'd be funny if her incredible ineptness were studied, high comedy but, alas, she's for real. Poor thing! When she's not tripping over the microphone cord, she's feeling in all

the wrong places (would you believe under the armpit?) for her male associates' genitalia.

Speaking of genitalia, the show also boasts Lord Jim Essex, Mr. Hawaii of 1975 and the only original cast member left. Lord Jim boasts a brick shithouse bod and, in the program, "My greatest asset lies in love-making and if anyone can find a better lover on this continent, I will pay them \$100." Enough of this boasting! After seeing Lord Jim's abundant assets, who needs money? Proof, proof!

Pam Lane is unique to "Naked Waiter" in that she has talent, lots of it. She's a fine comedienne with flawless timing, a good singer, fantastic dancer, great stripper, sensational looking... and considering the material she's got to work with, all that ain't easy. (We talked briefly after the show. I got the distinct impression that she'd like to get the hell out.)

What a' female impersonator is doing in a "show for the modern female," I don't know. Aside from the fact that Gari Alexander is male (when she whipped off her G-string to prove it, the one and only woman in the audience and her husband took off like a shot), she's likely to hold a limited appeal for the "modern female."

Maybe she and Lord Jim explain the fact that, tiny as we were, the audience was predominantly gay. Make no mistake, Gari is a very funny drag. She excels at ad lib and evidently has concluded from her script that any improv will improve.

Although the name Daquiri St. John suggests a second female impersonation, this gentleman stripper is anything but. Not only does he sit on his talent, he bumps and grinds it

around. As a matter of fact, wherever you may personally draw the line, I guarantee that Daquiri will cross over and gross you out.

Linda Dominice and Hyacintha Dacuna complete the female strip cast. Linda, a contortionist, gets all tied up in knots during the show, and Hyacintha has the unusual habit of starting her strip bottomless and working slowly up from there... sort of an anticlimactic climb.

Last, but certainly not least, the Naked Waiters are of such variety in shape and size that at least one has got to grab you. Metaphorically speaking, that is.

From all this, I'm sure you've decided that the Tony Mudara presentation, insignificantly produced and directed by Lee Hewitt Witten, is a "Miss It" item. Wrong! See "What Do You Say To A Naked Waiter?" even if it means giving up your evening at the M/B Club. (Forgive me, Keith.) It's so bad, it's hysterical. The cast knows it's bad; you know it's bad; the cast knows you know it's bad; and you know the cast knows you know it's bad. (Shall we take that around one more time?) If this show catches on with the gay community, it's bound to become the sleeper of the year. What do you say to a naked waiter? To him and the entire cast from me, I LOVE YOU!—Russ Malloy

A NAKED WAITER TALKS BACK

Having just been a naked waiter myself, I finally found the definitive answer to the question "What Do You Say To a Naked Waiter?" It is, "You're under arrest, honey!"

Just before the finale of the first show on a Friday night in October the L.A. Vice Squad, including one woman officer and assisted by 12

Continued on page 38

DRUMMER ON STAGE



LET MY PEOPLE COME

"Let My People Come" has finally done just that. After a three-year romp at New York's Village Gate, it ejaculated on the West Coast at L.A.'s Whiskey A Go-Go with the San Francisco opening scheduled for February at the On Broadway. Promoted as a "sexual musical," it is also sexual satire and, even more, a plea for sexual understanding and freedom with what could be a heavy message masked by good, dirty fun. It's ballsy, blatant, no-holds-barred fare, yet through it all the scrubbed, apple-pie youth of the cast pulls everything off (But everything: unless inflation has hit the birthday suit, the costume budget is a producer's dream!) and still retains a naivete seldom seen since Marilyn took those damned pills.

How many ways can "fuck" and "suck" be mouthed in the course of two hours and still come across honest, poignant and outrageously funny? Earl Wilson, Jr. has found the means with some of the cleverest lyrics to hit the musical stage of the '70s. If his music is forgettable, the blame can be laid on the words. Nothing is sacred and no sexual orientation, deviation, aberration or perversion is left unexplored. S&M devotees will appreciate former Colt model, Greg Kolb, in full harness whipping I-don't-know-who. (She was wearing a crash helmet at the time.)

Besides Greg, the program lists eleven additional cast members (although there are never twelve people on stage). "Cheaper by the dozen" is apparently producer/director Phil Oesterman's motto... or has he failed to recognize the subtle distinction between raw talent and talent in the raw? Sad to say, but those groovy bodes and bared buns, however appealing, begin to take on a telling shade of green as the evening wails on.

But it's all in good spirit, and there are exceptions. Robin O'Hara, as a school marm, in "Fellatio 101" instructs her class in the finer aspects of that art by passing out bananas to four female pupils and one incredible transvestite. She's frantic and fabulous in the only dialogue sketch of the show. Musical vignettes, with sex the only thread, follow one another cabaret style: in "The Ad," multi-talented Hy Conrad places a series of classified ads, each consecutively more jaded than the one before (for the *Los Angeles Times*, he's self-described "small but clean," but by the time he gets to Screw his organ "weighs nearly half a pound."); Christine Rubens, of Rubenesque proportions and the New York cast, expresses her fantasy of becoming a Hollywood porno queen in "Linda, Georgina, Marilyn and Me," a dream she later realizes at the top of Act II, "The Show Business Nobody Knows,"

and Marion Ramsey, by far the best singer of the group, belts out the plaintive "Doesn't Anybody Love Anymore?" (To answer her question, she might try upstaging the rest of the cast in a less unprofessional manner before some of the more seasoned veterans bump her into the orchestra pit on her very professional ass.) Robin, Hy and Christine merge later in the program to sing "The Cunnilingus Champion of Co. C" a la the Andrews Sisters.

Surprisingly, the best music of the evening is contained in three "gay" ballads. "I'm Gay," sung by Greg Kolb and Brian Miller, with an especially fine arrangement by arranger/conductor Billy Cunningham, announces for the first time to the folks back home the truth the title indicates. Later, Bryan sings the lonely "Take Me Home With You" to hustler Greg and, finally, Marion Ramsey and friend Irma Kaye duet "And She Loved Me" as Robin O'Hara and Wesley Ferguson perform a nude, lesbian adagio. The over-amplified title song winds up the entertainment with full company tearing up the club to wild applause.

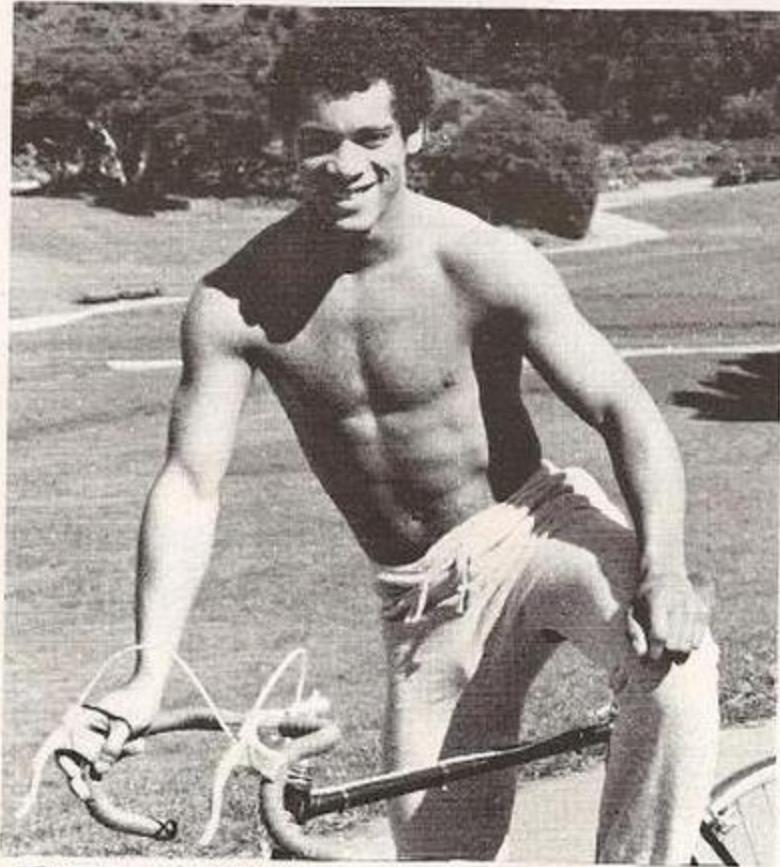
Despite sloppy direction, some mediocre performances and poor choreography (Is Phil Oesterman a choreographer too? What a talent!), this lewd, raunchy sexfest should not be missed. Earl Wilson, Jr., you're a fucking genius!

—Russ Malloy

The Brand that delivers the Action!!!

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For those who pursue the best!!!



FALCON'S MANDINGO

No. 584

200' Regular 8mm Color

We first discovered this hot young buck in a local park. He had all the classic looks of that bloodline known as "Mandingo", a light chocolate colored race of superbly muscular men and magnificent women. Upon questioning him, our first impression proved correct; his blood lines were pure Mandingo. We have captured this fantastic young buck as he performs his daily work-out and MORE. Watch his rock-hard muscles tense as he works his enormous manhood through every possible pace. Action you will watch over and over.



ALLEN

No. 556

200' Regular 8mm Color

First spotted on a basketball court at a local university, this hot young college superstud quickly proves his jockstrap is too confining for a growing young man as he soon brings his oversized manhood out in all its glory. Discarding the strap, Allen spreads his long muscular legs to give his giant young balls more room. Two gushing orgasms prove this man is one great stud!!!

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#584 — FALCON'S MANDINGO \$25.00
 #556 — ALLEN \$21.00

... or send us your name and address plus \$2.00 for our complete catalog plus a \$2.00 Gift Certificate good towards your next purchase with Falcon. You must state you are 21 or over.

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DRUMMER views the Flicks

MORE MOVIE REVIEWS ON PAGE 44—



MARATHON FILMS RELEASE OF A PSYCHO FILMS production. Conceived and directed by Roger Earl. Director of Photography: Ray Tamargo. Editor: Robert Shaw. Sound: Buddy Holloway of Holloway Studios. Featuring Val Martin, Quave Dalton, John Detour, Steve Richards, Eric Lansing, Tiger John, David Andrews, Paul Joseph and Craig Roberts.

Born to Raise Hell

What can you say about a movie that's so hot it's being handled with asbestos gloves?

For openers, we can say that it makes "Sextool" look like "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Even the Sire of "Sextool," Fred Halsted, has commented that "Born to Raise Hell" is the best S&M film he's ever seen. No small praise, that, coming from the Stud who is the acknowledged Master of the S&M film genre.

Prior to the start of the film is a disclaimer stating, in part, that "This theatre is not responsible for any psychological effects to the viewer." There seems to be a considerable willingness, however, to accept responsibility for the psychological effects... and there will be many a throbbing organ in the "Born" audience. It must be noted here that an occasional writer has pointed out the obvious lack of throbbing organs in the film itself, also pointing out his own ignorance about this specialized area of sensuality. As S&M devotees will attest, it's the scene and not the sex that counts.

Be that as it may, there's plenty of scene and sex for even the most jaded viewer or doer. Every act that can possibly be committed on, in, or to a human body is, including some that I would have bet against. Early on I was tempted to add to "Born to Raise Hell" the subtitle, "Forced to

Drink Piss." (Mercy! I've not seen so much urine outside of a hospital in years; it's a wonder that poor child wasn't permanently jaundiced!) Then I revised my thinking to "Live to Sniff Amyl," for it sometimes seemed as though that were the only thing that kept some of the Ms alive and breathing. (I do wish I had a piece of the popper profit from this picture!)

Over and above the ingenious and seemingly endless methods of sucking, fucking, stripping, whipping, shaving, slaving, eating, beating, and so forth and so on, there are some truly marvelous touches. The cast is introduced not by the conventional credit lines, but by means of names tattooed on various parts of the anatomy. Val Martin never ever removes his symbolic black hat, not even when he tenderly kisses a battered M. The use of road signs provides amusing punctuation to the action. We're warned about the amy, for example, by DANGER/GETTING BLASTED AREA. CAUTION/WIDE AND LONG LOAD alerts us to yet another peril, while CAUTION/DEPT. OF WATER AND SPORTS speaks for itself.

The camera work is excellent, particularly in such shots as a close-up of a confined cock and balls which makes us realize better than Gray's Anatomy how mighty like a street map is the human circulatory system.

My major technical complaints have to do with some bad mixing and

some even worse editing. Where the majority of the action, for example, takes place in a leather bar, the carryover of the obvious bar conversation to the privacy of Val's apartment is confusing. And the film has been cut in such a way that, unless you're prepared for it, you miss the importance of the kid telling Val he's the son of a cop, thereby almost totally invalidating the dream sequence and Val's getting it in the end.

Still and all, "Born to Raise Hell" has something for everyone, including offense: its detractors are legion, alas, and in some circles it's the film you love to hate. It is worth seeing, but you're going to have to check your local paper carefully for play dates. Although it showed without incident in San Francisco, and a print has gone to New York's Museum of Modern Art, the film has already been cancelled once in both Los Angeles and Atlanta. It's been tentatively rescheduled for the latter city in February, but the political climate seems to be dictating the L.A. opening. So far as I know, there's been no problem to date with Chicago or New York.

Remember some years back when "A Man and A Woman" was being touted as the movie to see "-with someone you love"? Well, "Born to Raise Hell" is the movie to see with someone you love to beat. Or be beaten by.

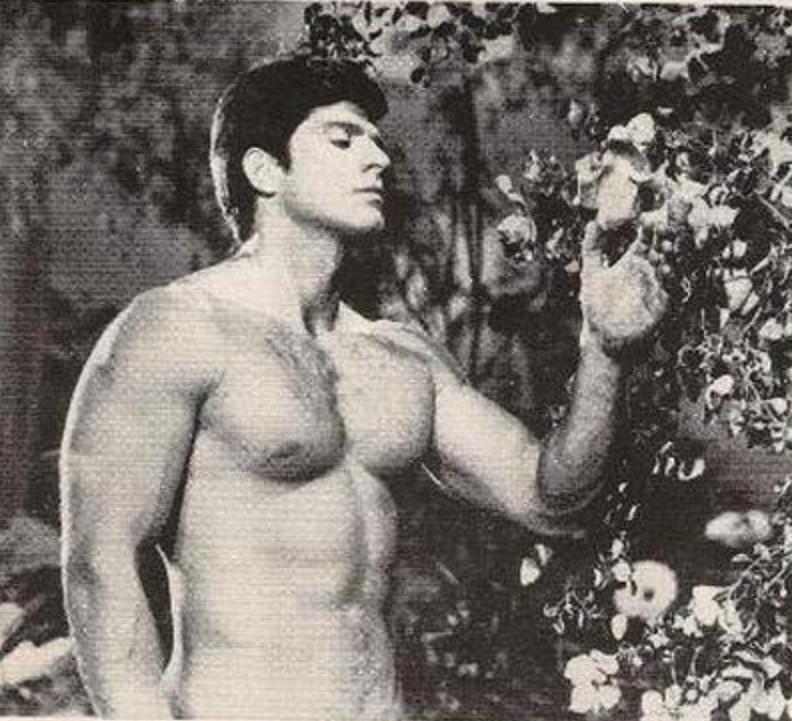
— Sidney Charles

MORE MOVIE MAYHEM!

Nobody was better at blood, gore and pure S & M than the Boys in the Arena. Hollywood showed us the way with the Italians following on their hot heels using magnificent bodies and dubbed-in dialog. Here are a few examples in the 'We-Who-Are-About-To-Die' epics. Those Romans—or whoever—really knew how to show the kids a good time!



The first thing to do in starting a Gladiator Farm, is round some up . . .



Take the pick of the crop from the rest of the herd

THE GLADIATORS

DRUMMER SALUTES THESE SINEWY CINE SUFFERERS WHO HAVE GIVEN SO MUCH TO ENTERTAIN US.
In the next issue we bring on the Cowboys and Indians . . . The Indians seldom won, but they knew how to entertain.



and find a place to store the rest . . .



Keep them well in hand and . . . on the choicest examples put your brand, along with a little personal instruction.



Nothing like a test of strength, skills and enthusiasms—



Pit one against another—after all, that's what it's all about.



A good cocksucker, like Rome, was not made in a day.



CREDITS (in case anyone wants to claim them): Photo 1—(facing page) ZARDOZ, 2—Jorge Rivero, Latin film star; 3—SON OF SPARTACUS 4—FABIOLA United Artists; 5—SATYRICON 6 (this page top left) SATYRICON; 7—BEN HUR (MGM); 8—HERCULES & GOLIATH; 9—FABIOLA; 10—HELEN OF TROY; 11—QUO VADIS (MGM)



Take the surplus to the marketplace.



You can show your new acquisition off to your friends.

Arnett

LAUTREC in leather



"The goal of the city is to make men happy and free" . . . Aristotle on San Francisco. It is printed neatly and pasted up on a piece of shiny white paper tacked to the door, up the stairs over a bar that isn't called anything.

A man in leather shorts passes by on the landing. His legs are cinched into his trunks with pieces of rawhide that run crisscross along his thighs. The binding impresses rectangular striations that bulge white and retreat with geometric precision into the innermost confines of skin covering skin. He disappears through another door. I flash for a moment on a magic theatre where such men are included among the players, conniving in continual performances of freeform sexual repertory before the most appreciative audiences.

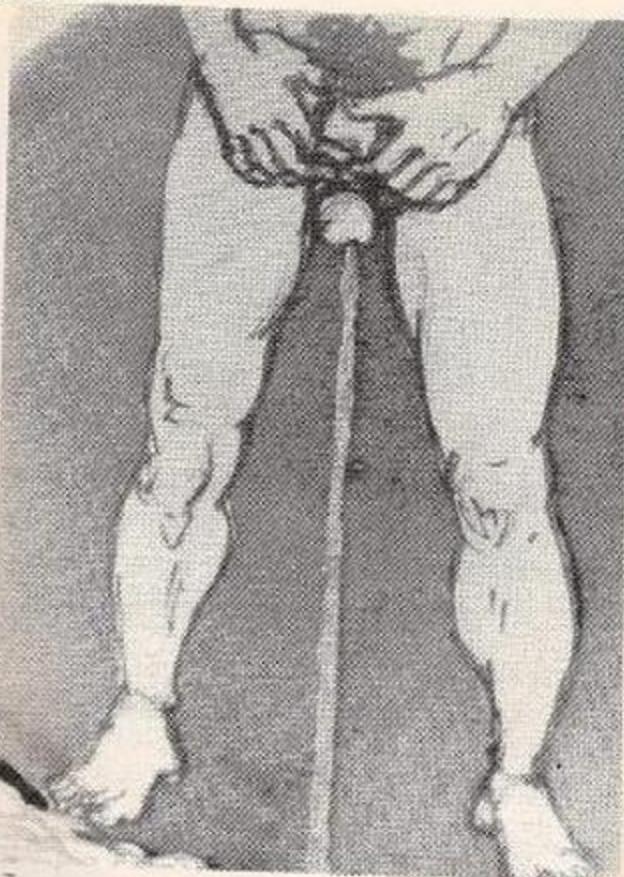
The door swings open. Chuck Arnett is standing there explaining that he is in the middle of washing his clothes. He is back-lit by the sun streaming in a window through which I can see a motorcycle tire

looped over a light fixture which illuminates a perfectly blank piece of tin. From a few old holes dripping rust, the neon buzzings of previous designations spark briefly and cloud into my vitreous humor. "It's called the No Name, you know."

We walk into his studio. He writes down some graffiti he's read somewhere . . . "muscular stud" . . . "large cock" . . . "piss trips" . . . "need domination." He's been drawing, sketching, painting, some-times sculpting since he came to San Francisco some 15-or-so years ago.

"Shaw's, that was a leather bar in New York in the '50s before any place was called a leather bar or anybody even knew what one was." Chuck remembers it very well. He hung out there a lot. Black jackets, motorcycle boots, snap-brim hats shielding the searching eyes: hulking shadows undulating in chains and leather strayed accomodatingly into his vision.

"Brando started it. 'The Wild One' became a cult film. It played for



nearly a year in some theatre over on the West Side. I saw it 20 times maybe."

Sprockets snapped into position, meshing with the whirling gears of a luminous projector. The pavement receded into the dust, the rate of its departure coincident with the visual life of the gasoline vapor that trailed after it. The Leader of the Pack, alienated as hell, archetypical American loner, the cool dude, fucking Mary Murphy, Mom and Apple Pie in one deft, terrorizing stroke. An orgasm on celluloid, specks of silver nitrate ejaculating into the country siring a new cult.

On a dark corner at the edge of the Warehouse District, away from the cashmere sweaters, buckle-backed jeans and the steps of The Madison, the progeny came together, gliding off their gleaming machines and regarding themselves in their sleek dark costumes in the parallax of chrome bars and steel pedals. This was the Tool Box. Sometimes they





called it "Marlboro Country." Chuck came to town with them: He brought his tools, and one afternoon he used them to impress into the walls of the clubhouse the faces of those who carved out the western territory.

A leather strip snakes down Folsom Street. For a short time it coiled around the Red Star Saloon, "a very hot bar." Along with Chuck, most fanciers of life along Folsom remember. The posters that touted the delights of that rare establishment found their way onto the john walls of leather maniacs everywhere. They stand tribute to a man who captured the mystique of another time zone with a few scratches of his pen: the Arnett touch, loosed in the land. It's visible these days in another bar, a block over from the strip.

The Ambush enjoys a reputation as a mellow bar: not too crowded, sleazy, frequently heavy. It stands alone on Harrison Street asserting its independence, fashioning its allure by looking around the corner for some new head space. The hard core

from the No Name and the Ramrod don't all come around. Some wander in from time to time to freak on Salsa, drink another beer, play a little pool, fuck around and cruise the drawings on the walls. Arnett's men dominate the place. Transmogrified from their gig at the Tool Box, they have their pants down and their crewnecks off and they're spreading their asses and fist fucking the hell out of each other. Marlon into S&M.

"Galleries are funeral parlors for art work." He's drawing a dude twisting a leather thong around his cock. His pen hits the paper hard. "I show my work in the bar because that's where the people who know me go and can get off on what I do and sometimes even buy something." In the bar, the original art work for the Red Star posters is framed over the door leading to the john. A price tag next to it reads \$200. Behind the door, a drawing dangles over the urinal and sometimes provides inspiration for the more hang-loose among the Ambush clientele. Black

scratches ply the pressed pulp into yielding up a fierce man wearing a leather hat, handcuffed to a chair, his ass being fingered by the dude who was trapping his cock with the leather thong. New members of the troupe freaking freely, continuous erotic performances courtesy of the magic markers wielded by the master mind-fucker.

The dryer drones expectantly into the final moments of the permanent press cycle. We move toward the door. My eyes scout the landing for a pair of blond thighs bound in leather. Downstairs, under a sign proclaiming only anonymity, a gloved hand formed into a tight fist pulls firmly on a large studded dog collar which encircles the neck of a dude wearing a checkered shirt. The glove melds into a jacket, the focus of a leather outfit designed to fit firmly over a well-muscled body. He glowers under the hat forced low over his eyes, a hint of trips to come. They disappear down the alley, walking a perpendicular to Folsom Street.



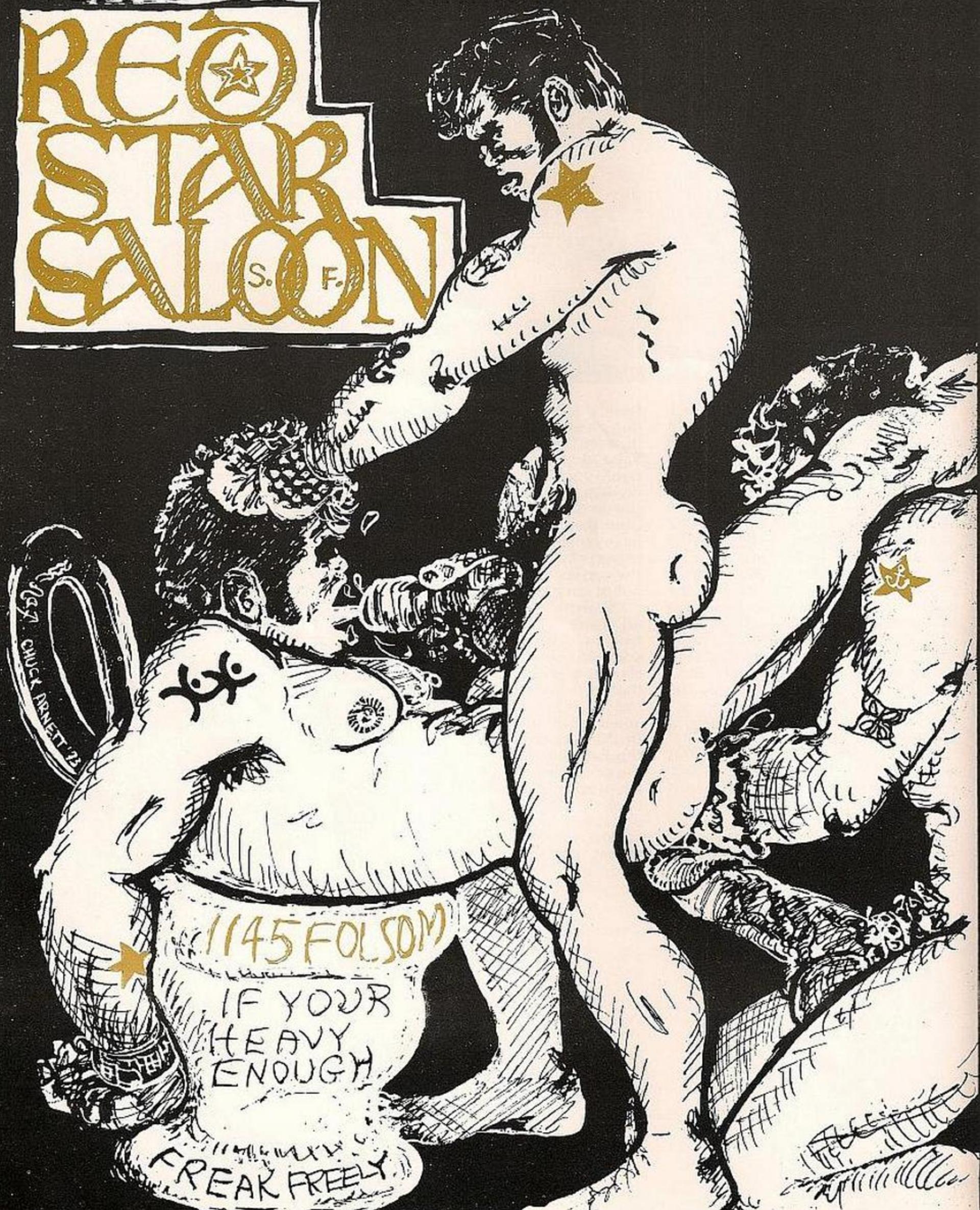
*See page 20 for ARNETT'S
MOST FAMOUS POSTER...*

bob opel



RED STAR SALOON

S. F.



The LEATHER FRATERNITY

BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER

At Leather Fraternity Headquarters, we know how exciting it is to find a new potential contact (how d'you think we find our own slaves?) . . . and what a drag to pore over old listings we've read time and time again in hopes of finding someone new.

So . . .

As a continuing service to Fraternity members, and beginning with this issue, new members will be ***. That is, members whose listings did not appear in the last issue, and whose listings appear for the first time in this issue, will be so designated.

Please remember that you must be a member of The Leather Fraternity in order to answer ads or to run a free ad yourself.

Now, good hunting!

ALABAMA

***ANNISTON. M. Gemini. 42. 5'9". 185. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Heavy bondage. No drugs. Box 358.

ARIZONA

PHOENIX. S. Virgo. 52. 6'2". 180. White. 7". Experienced. Wants slave houseboy. Box 014Z.

PHOENIX. S. Libra. 36. 6". 175. White. 9". Knowledgeable. Good body and long endowment important. No olds, fems. Box 250.

TEMPE. M. Capricorn. 31. 6". 180. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. Needs prolonged punishment and B&D sessions with clean S under 35. No drugs. Box 294X.

TUCSON. S. Virgo. 50. 5'10". 140. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Seeks docile partner under 40 into mild B&D. No heavy smokers or drinkers, drags, dopers, fats. Box 182D.

ARKANSAS

FORT SMITH. S. Leo. 28. 5'9½". 130. White. 8". Knowledgeable, sensible, selfish, arrogant S wants true M, experienced and sensuous. Must be small and cut. No fems, role-switchers, parasites, permanent relationships. Box 135.

CALIFORNIA

ANAHEIM. M. Pisces. 23. 5'9". 150. White. 6½". Novice. Obedient to master who earns it. Long hair preferred. Box 052G.

BURBANK. M. Leo. 36. 6". 165. White. 6½". Novice. Willing and able to please sexy partner under 45. No serious pain or disfigurement, hard drugs, blacks. Box 050L.

CARLSBAD. M. Leo. 43. 5'9½". 175. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Seeks person 35 to 50 who is experienced, enthusiastic, discreet and respects limits. Box 225.

CARMEL. M. Sagittarius. 43. 6". 180. White. 8". Novice. Has deep desire to please dominant, respectful Master. Must be clean. Box 016.

CHICO. M. Cancer. 30. 6". 185. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Needs humiliation, W/S, scat from understanding leather Master. Blacks preferred. No fats. Box 081E.

***CHINO. MS. Cancer. 27. 5'7". 125. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. No restrictions on personal appearance. Box 051A.

CLAREMONT. SM. Virgo. 39. 5'10½". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks sincere, honest, experienced partner. No fems, TVs, hustlers. Box 500.

CORONA. M. Virgo. 41. 6". 190. White. 6". Novice. Wants to serve good-looking dude under 33. Well-proportioned body essential. Box 169A.

COSTA MESA. MS. Virgo. 35. 6'5". 180. White. 5¾". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn from experienced Master under 30. Box 083.

DALY CITY. S. Pisces. 42. 5'8". 135. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Demands good service from sincere leather-lover. Would like to correspond with other Masters. Box 314A.

***FRESNO. M. Cancer. 42. 5'9". 175. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Eager and willing to please firm but compassionate Master. Deep Throat. No addicts, selfish people. Box 051D.

GARDEN GROVE. MS. Virgo. 44. 5'7". 150. White. 6". Novice. Obedient Slave seeks knowledgeable partner. No drugs or permanent relationships. Box 051G.

GLENDALE. M. Libra. 48. 5'10½". 155. White. 6¾". Novice. Wants to serve gentle but demanding master into heavy bondage. Box 050D.

GLENDALE. S. Leo. 39. 5'11". 180. White. 9". Old hand. Blond German wants slim M under 30 who does not say no to bondage, discipline, etc. Possible permanent relationship. Box 168.

HAWAIIAN GARDENS. M. Pisces. 37. 5'10½". 165. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Complete Bondage Slave for Complete Bondage Master. Box 051H.

HOLLYWOOD. MS. Taurus. 40. 5'9". 155. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Bodybuilder, muscular. Wants same. Box 311.

***HUNTINGTON BEACH. S. Cancer. 34. 5'6". 130. White. 7½". Completely inexperienced. Seeks similar M under 33 for mutual fulfillment of fantasies. No liars, fats. Box 294S.

HUNTINGTON PARK. M. Pisces. 35. 6". 170. White. 6½". Novice. No fems. Box 310.

INDIO. SM. Leo. 44. 5'10". 155. White. 6½". Completely inexperienced. Will understand your needs. Box 243.

LAGUNA HILLS. S. Capricorn. 36. 5'8". 136. White. 8½". FFA top. Must be obedient and eager to please strict master. Box 220A.

LA JOLLA. MS. Virgo. 34. 5'11". 155. White. 6½". Novice. Heavily into bondage, not orally oriented. No fats, blacks. Box 071L.

LA PUENTE. M. Gemini. 38. 5'9". 168. White. 7½". Novice. Prefers under 45. Box 320.

LAKEWOOD. SM. Libra. 61. 5'8". 130. White. 5". Old hand. Seeks affectionate, discreet boot-lover over 30. No drinkers, heavy smokers, dopers. Box 080T.

LONG BEACH. MS. Aquarius. 44. 6". 185. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wants same age or younger for strip games, mild SM. Will exchange roles with right guy. Prefers inexperienced. Box 020.

***LONG BEACH. M. Virgo. 24. 5'10". 130. White. 7". Novice. Domestic and submissive, will dedicate himself permanently to active, masculine partner over 30. Box 151.

LOS ANGELES. M. Virgo. 40. 6". 165. White. 5½". Novice. Likes heavy action on balls. No fats. Box 010.

LOS ANGELES. S. Aries. 38. 5'6". 135. White. 6". Old hand. Seeks masculine, submissive M under 40. No scat, fats, mutilation. Box 018.

LOS ANGELES. MS. Aries. 31. 5'6". 135. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Prefers motorcycle owner. Box 030.

LOS ANGELES. M. Gemini. 35. 5'11". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. No fats. Box 050A.

LOS ANGELES. MS. Aries. 42. 6'1". 180. White. 6½". Novice with strong desire to learn. Prefers masculine bodybuilder type with large cock. Box 050S.

LOS ANGELES. S. 33. 5'8". 140. White. 8½". Old hand. Seeks experienced M under 31 with groovy body, tight ass. Box 060W.

LOS ANGELES. S. Virgo. 25. 6". 145. White. 9". Knowledgeable, versatile. Desires masculine policeman or CHP. Prefers motorcycleman. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 166.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Pisces. 49. 5'10". 150. White. 6". Novice. No booze, drugs. Looks not important, but must be over 38. Box 167.

***LOS ANGELES. SM. Taurus. 29. 6'1". 195. White. 6½". Sensual, imaginative novice seeks muscular partner to 37 with warmth and sense of humor. Box 180H.

LOS ANGELES. M. Virgo. 49. 5'10½". 145. White. 6". Knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Scorpio. 41. 6". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Will understand and respect limits of knowledgeable, compatible partner. No fats, blacks. Box 208.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Leo. 30. 6'. 155. White. 7''. Completely inexperienced but wants strong, gentle S to teach him to be a good S. No baldies, fats, olds. Box 307A.

LOS ANGELES. M. Libra. 42. 5'6½''. 135. White. 6½''. Knowledgeable. Follows orders well. No fats. Box 242.

MANHATTAN BEACH. M. Capricorn. 42. 5'7''. 138. White. 6''. Knowledgeable. Small, slim with firm ass wants verbal humiliation and training from stern Master. Box 048A.

MARINA DEL REY. MS. Virgo. 38. 5'11''. 168. White. Novice. Wants permanent partner for boxing, judo, wrestling. No fats, blacks, hard drugs, dirt. Box 125P.

*****MARINA DEL REY.** SM. Leo. 32. 5'9''. 139. White. 6½''. Novice. Leather-wearing egotist wants to learn more about the scene from knowledgeable partner able to tolerate his ego and temper. No one-night stands. Sharing a must. Box 1850.

MAYWOOD. S. Aries. 52. 5'9''. 145. White. 5''. Old hand. Has had laryngectomy. Prefers hairless chest. No drunks or fats. Box 350.

MISSION BEACH. M. Aries. 44. 5'7½''. 155. White. 7½''. Novice. Needs to be humiliated and forced to do things against his will. Virgin ass. Box 026M.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. MS. Aquarius. 45. 6'1''. 160. Completely inexperienced. Wants young guy. Box 055.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. M. Leo. 45. 5'10½''. 165. White. 6½''. Knowledgeable. Bondage. Grey hair or bald preferred. Box 076.

*****NORTH HOLLYWOOD.** SM. Libra. 35. 5'6''. 130. White. 7''. Novice. Seeks knowledgeable, understanding partner under 50 who respects limits. No fats. Box 181T.

OAKLAND. M. Gemini. 44. 6'1''. 144. White. 6½''. Knowledgeable. Eager and willing to please permanent master into heavy discipline and motorcycles. No fats, drunks, hard drugs. Box 125L.

OAKLAND. S. Sagittarius. 50. 5'10½''. 155. White. 6''. Novice. Must be well-built and obedient. No scat. Box 345.

OAKLAND. M. Pisces. 52. 6'2''. 200. White. 6''. Novice. Wants understanding teacher to help his B&D fantasies come true. Into art and classical music. No fats, dopers, hippies. Box 425.

OXNARD. M. Aries. 42. 5'10''. 190. White. Novice. Bondage. No drugs. Box 340.

PALM DESERT. SM. Taurus. 41. 6'. 155. White. 6''. Completely inexperienced. Will satisfy your needs. No fats. Box 246.

PASADENA. MS. Aries. 46. 5'11½''. 175. White. 6''. Completely inexperienced. Needs instruction. Digs rear-end action. Box 061A.

PASADENA. M. Scorpio. 43. 6'. 186. White. 7''. Novice. Prefers bike riders. No fats, olds. Box 150.

PASADENA. M. Sagittarius. 47. 5'10''. 150. White. 6''. Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn painless bondage from respectful S. No W/S, scat, drugs, fems. Box 276.

RICHMOND. S. Capricorn. 45. 5'11''. 162. White. 6¾''. Knowledgeable. Seeks completely passive, cut slave of same race with Sundays free. No fats, dopers, scat, W/S. Box 050F.

SACRAMENTO. MS. Cancer. 39. 6'1''. 225. White. 6½''. Knowledgeable. Prolonged bondage and training. Box 296A.

SAN DIEGO. M. Leo. 38. 6'3''. 190. White. 7½''. Knowledgeable. Enjoys bondage, being used. Partner should be near area and respect limits. Box 050K.

SAN DIEGO/EL CAJON. S. Cancer. 5'6''. 140. White. 6½''. Butch-type leather master needs naked slave for fun & pleasure. Must be cut. Box 125.

*****SAN DIEGO.** S. Gemini. 43. 5'6''. 160. White. 7''. Knowledgeable. Bodybuilder seeks butch, sincere partner in good physical condition who knows how to serve. No fats, drugs, dirty types. Box 182V.

SAN FERNANDO. M. Cancer. 37. 5'11''. 185. White. 6''. Completely inexperienced. Chains, tattoos, grease. Box 201.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Gemini. 34. 5'10''. 140. White. 6''. Knowledgeable. Seeks S who is mentally and physically superior, not fat or over 39. Box 152.

*****SAN FRANCISCO.** MS. Leo. 35. 6'1''. 153. White. Novice. Scene is secondary to overall turn on. No fats, heavy drugs. Box 075.

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Scorpio. 38. 5'7''. 150. White. 6½''. Knowledgeable. Looking for bondage slave. Box 082A.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Libra. 50. 6'2½''. 185. White. 8''. Knowledgeable. Must be clean and respect limits. Box 126A.

*****SAN FRANCISCO.** S. Leo. 34. 5'8''. 150. White. 6'' Knowledgeable, sincere, considerate, patient stud seeks sincere, submissive M under 40. No fats, drags. Box 145.

SAN FRANCISCO. MS. Libra. 33. 6'. 170. White. 8½''. Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular, older, more mature. Box 170.

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Taurus. 36. 5'10''. 165. White. 6''. Knowledgeable. Clean cut collegiate type preferred. Absolutely no role-switching. Box 185.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Cancer. 31. 5'11½''. 175. White. 7½''. Knowledgeable. Must be masculine and into total bondage and humiliation. Box 187.

SAN FRANCISCO. SM. Pisces. 30. 5'10''. 200. White. 7''. Knowledgeable. Must be willing to take anything and/or do anything short of permanent damage. Box 294M.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Aries. 40. 5'6½''. 135. White. 6¾''. Knowledgeable. Seeks trusting, trustworthy S. No fats, blacks, hippies. Box 295.

SAN FRANCISCO. MS. Libra. 33. 6'. 170. White. 8½''. Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular, older, more mature. Box 170.

SAN MATEO. M. Aries. 38. 6'. 185. White. 7½''. Knowledgeable. Turned on by bondage and whipping. Wants S to lead him from knowledgeable to expert. Eager to try new toys and positions. Box 083M.

SANTA BARBARA. M. Virgo. 29. 5'5''. 160. White. 6''. Knowledgeable. Prefer dominant S or SM types, 25 and over. Out-of-towners welcome. Box 022.

SANTA BARBARA. SM. Leo. 30. 5'10''. 155. White. 6''. Willing to learn and expand experience with partners who have their own places, toys. Box 242L.

SANTA MONICA. S. Capricorn. 30. 6'1''. 175. White. 7''. Knowledgeable. Into suspension, bondage and piercing. Also wants to meet other Ss toward establishing a complete castle. Box 133T.

SANTA MONICA. S. Pisces. 48. 6'3''. 175. White. 7''. Shaves body. No fats, or quick fucks. Box 185M.

*****STANFORD.** MS. Virgo. 44. 5'7''. 155. White. 7''. Knowledgeable. Uninhibited, obedient, prefers locals under 40 but older S if skilled. Into anal action. No fats, boozers. Box 206.

*****TUSTIN.** M. Libra. 35. 5'7''. 130. White. 7''. Novice. Will give the right Master what he wants and needs. Must be under 46 and cut. No fats, hardcore. Box 216.

VENTURA. MS. Aries. 32. 5'5''. 130. White. 8''. Completely inexperienced. Prefers another inexperienced under 30. No hardcore S/M. Box 003.

*****WOODSIDE.** SM. Aries. 33. 6'. 168. White. 7''. Knowledgeable. Wants good leather sex on the Peninsula. No fats, balds, scat, over. Will switch roles with right person. Box 189.

COLORADO

AURORA. M. Aquarius. 23. 5'8''. 150. White. 5½''. Knowledgeable. Sincere leather lover digs police scene. Wants to get into prolonged total bondage, dog and toilet training. Willing to experiment and correspond. Box 110.

*****AURORA.** MS. Gemini. 22. 5'11''. 145. White. 6''. Completely inexperienced. Has sincere desire to learn both roles from knowledgeable partner up to 35. No drugs, freaks, redheads. Box 1680.

DENVER. M. Libra. 30. 5'9½''. 195. White. 7''. Novice. Seeks totally dominant Master to please and serve. Prefers non-smoker, light drinker, no drugs. Box 254.

HENDERSON. S. Aries. 32. 6'2''. 190. White. 6½''. Knowledgeable. Dominant, demanding dude seeks partner to 48 who does what he's told. No one dirty or non-masculine. Box 304L.

CONNECTICUT

MILFORD. SM. Leo. 46. 6'. 175. White. 8''. Novice. Digs bikers, cops, cowboys, wearing partner's clothing. Must be clean, masculine. No drugs, fats. Box 184D.

*****MYSTIC.** S. Aries. 50s. 5'10''. 175. White. 8''. Old hand. Experienced top man will train sexually uninhibited, honest partner up to 50. No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, fems. Box 329.

OLD SAYBROOK. M. Capricorn. 36. 6'4''. 200. White. 7½''. Knowledgeable. Will obey experienced Master with big cock and good body. Box 165L.

DELAWARE

DOVER. M. Capricorn. 27. 6'. 160. White. 6¾''. Novice. Seeking very dominant and butch male into heavy leather. Bike score a plus. No fats, weaklings. Box 051F.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON. MS. Sagittarius. 41. 6'. 220. White. 9''. Knowledgeable. Tattoos. Box 300.

WASHINGTON. SM. Cancer. 32. 6'. 165. White. 7½''. Novice. Wants good-looking well-built with sense of humor. Box 324.

FLORIDA

*****COCONUT GROVE.** SM. Virgo. 46. 5'8½''. 140. White. 7''. Knowledgeable. Can relate to and assume both roles with discreet, intelligent partner under 6', over 30. No fats, fems, hirsute types. Oriental a plus. Box 079.

COCONUT GROVE. S. Cancer. 39. 6'2''. 175. White. 7''. Old hand. No fats or inhibited types. No one over 50 or 225 lbs. Will train in person, by mail or phone. Box 132.

CORAL GABLES. MS. Sagittarius. 23. 6'. 160. White. 7''. Knowledgeable. Must be clean and act straight. Age unimportant. Box 012.

FT. LAUDERDALE. M. Virgo. 45. 5'11''. 184. White. 7¼''. Knowledgeable. Tight ass. Needs masculine S, considerate of needs and limits. Will service Masters in area on business/vacation trips. Box 183P.

FT. LAUDERDALE. M. Libra. 44. 5'8''. 155. White. 8½''. Novice. Prefers motorcycle police officer. No fats or fems. Box 200.

KISSIMMEE. SM. Virgo. 53. 5'10½''. 150. White. 6''. Completely inexperienced. Prefers partner under 40 into role-switching. No drugs. Box 153.

MIAMI. SM. Scorpio. 35. 5'9½''. Knowledgeable. Heavy oral orientation and exhibitionism desired. Box 047.

MIAMI. MS. Leo. 31. 5'8½''. 160. White. 7''. Knowledgeable. Prefers black Master but color not a hangup. Box 058.

MIAMI. M. Libra. 25. 5'8''. 150. White. 7¾''. Novice. Needs instructor, 21-42, bodybuilder type. Box 298.

ORLANDO. S. Libra. 25. 5'8''. 145. White. 7''. Knowledgeable. B&D. Firm but gentle. Prefers slave 18-35. Box 060C.

*****ST. PETERSBURG BEACH.** M. Taurus. 42. 6'. 222. White. 6''. Novice. Passive with high pain threshold. Will serve a knowledgeable Master who respects limits. No heavy booze, drugs. Must be clean. Box 062L.

TAMPA/ST. PETERSBURG. S. Virgo. 36. 5'9''. 160. 8½''. Knowledgeable. B&D. Slave must be straight appearing. No fats, fems. Box 126M.

HAWAII

***KAPAA, KAUAI. M. Aries. 37. 5'10". 155. White. 7½". Novice. Total service to butch S, 30 to 50. Will relocate for right Master. No drugs, phonies, liars. Box 272.

ILLINOIS

BELLEVILLE. M. Virgo. 29. 5'9". 140. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Seeks partner under 40 who respects limits and wants totally obedient Slave. No role-switching, excessive drug or alcohol use. Box 221.

BUFFALO GROVE. MS. Pisces. 50. 5'11". 155. White. 7½". Completely inexperienced. No heavy stuff but willing to learn. Box 293.

***CHICAGO. M. Cancer. 39. 5'11". 185. White. Knowledgeable. Seeks bodybuilder type up to 45 able to totally dominate. Must be masculine, clean, straight in appearance. Box 052Z1.

CHICAGO. M. Cancer. 31. 6'. 165. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. No role playing, wants the true S who enjoys seeing guy in pain and with bruises. Box 307.

CHICAGO. SM. Aries. 33. 5'10". 200. White. 6½". Novice. S&M author wants to correspond with/ meet others into S&M porn. Box 088E.

MORTON GROVE. SM. Sagittarius. 36. 6'. 150. White. 8". Novice. Wants partner who digs good S&M sex and is willing to experiment. Under 36 and no hard drugs. Box 180W.

MURPHYSBORO. S. Virgo. 32. 5'7". 160. White. 10½". Knowledgeable. Abusive, imaginative dude seeks intelligent, attractive partner. Early 20's preferred. No slabs. Box 125H.

SPRINGFIELD. MS. Aries. 51. 5'8". 170. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. Wants to meet muscular, hairy men for bondage, 30-50 preferred. Box 335.

WHEATON. MS. Scorpio. 34. 5'10". 230. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Desires training. No drugs. Box 160.

WOOD RIVER. S. Capricorn. 56. 5'6". 155. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Open minded, willing to please. Box 360.

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS. S. Cancer. 46. 5'9". 144. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Firm, quiet master prefers well-educated, interesting slave. Will work out your fantasy. Box 303.

VINCENNES. S. Virgo. 32. 5'9½". 149. White. 5¾". Knowledgeable. Prefers 24-33, full round buns and strong legs. College grad if possible. Box 186A.

IOWA

DES MOINES. S. Pisces. 40. 6'. 180. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Prefers under 32, trim. Will respect limits. Box 072.

KENTUCKY

LEXINGTON. S. Leo. 37. 6'1". 197. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Partner must be experienced, smaller, straight in appearance, educated, discreet. No fems, fats, dopers, suicides. Box 258.

LOUISIANA

BATON ROUGE. S. Leo. 28. 5'10". 170. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying Slave's real desires. Must be at least 8", masculine. Box 047W.

HARVEY. SM. Pisces. 45. 5'7". 155. White. 4". Knowledgeable. Military discipline. Manliness a must. Box 052A.

NEW ORLEANS. S. Gemini. 42. 6'1". 195. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Total respect and obedience demanded. Box 305.

MAINE

KITTERY POINT. SM. Sagittarius. 30. 6'2½". 180. White. 7". Novice. Wants to learn more about the scene from someone heavy into sex. Box 242R.

MARYLAND

ANNAPOLIS. S. Taurus. 31. 5'10". 160. White. 8". Knowledgeable. No fags playing butch. Box 040.

BALTIMORE. MS. Sagittarius. 51. 6'. 175. White. 7". Novice. Seeks intelligent, discreet partner heavily into bondage. No heavy pain, drugs, fats, fems. Box 185E..

MASSACHUSETTS

***CHICOPEE. SM. Leo. 50. 5'5". 155. White. 6". Novice. Age unimportant. No fems. Mutual paddling and whipping. Box 004.

FALL RIVER. S. Sagittarius. 45. 5'8". 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Experienced disciplinarian. Slave must be young, healthy, straight-appearing and neat. Box 082R.

PINEHURST. MS. Taurus. 38. 5'11". 156. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Slow torture. Box 059A.

SANDISFIELD. M. Cancer. 46. 6'. 170. White. 8". Old hand. Tattooed cock. Pubic hair removed. No drugs. Box 280.

***WELLESLEY HILLS. M. Leo. 30. 5'11". 210. White. 6½". Novice. Helpless, obedient Slave needs discreet, understanding Master up to 35. Must tolerate limits. No drugs. Box 192.



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MICHIGAN

BAY CITY. M. Pisces. 25. 5'11". 170. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Requires training by experienced S under 35. Box 045.

BERKLEY. S. Virgo. 33. 5'6". 135. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient, experimental Slave. No balds, fats, dominants. Box 052D.

DETROIT. M. Scorpio. 34. 5'9". 165. Black. 7½". Completely inexperienced. Needs white Master under 35. Box 123A.

DETROIT. M. Virgo. 23. 5'7". 140. White. 5¾". Novice. Must dig on leather and bondage without pain. Box 123M.

FLINT. SM. 44. 5'8". 148. Knowledgeable. Prefers 24-34, Levi and ivy-league look. Box 061F.

JACKSON. MS. Pisces. 39. 5'3". 135. White. 6". Old hand. Cigarette smoker preferred. Box 209.

LANSING. MS. Gemini. 58. 5'10". 155. White. 5¾". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn both roles. Box 181M.

***RIVERVIEW. M. Cancer. 26. 5'9¾". 165. Black. 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing, passive and eager to learn from dominant, take-charge guy 30 to 50, 6' or over. Should be muscular. No passives. Box 044.

SAGINAW. M. Leo. 58. 5'11". 170. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Needs extra large, uncut, hairy. Want training as a toilet slave. Box 050M.

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS. M. Pisces. 38. 5'6". 138. White. 6¾". Novice. Enjoys golden showers from clean masculine men. Box 180L.

MISSOURI

FLORISSANT. M. Sagittarius. 46. 6'1". 185. White. 5". Novice. Prefers heavy, lengthy session. Box 090.

KANSAS CITY. M. Scorpio. 50. 5'8". 125. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Needs heavy discipline by black or white S. Box 296M.

ST. LOUIS. S. Leo. 30. 5'11". 215. White. 6". Novice. Needs clean, discreet, honest partner who will teach him to please partner's needs. Box 245.

MONTANA

SWEETGRASS. MS. Aquarius. 50. 6'1". 180. White. 6". Old hand. Collection of used cowboy/leather gear. No fems. Box 230.

NEBRASKA

WAYNE. M. Pisces. 34. 6'. 165. White. 6½". Novice. Seeks not-too-experienced cowboy type into bondage. Box 306.

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS. MS. Taurus. 32. 5'11½". 170. White. 11". Novice. Prefers musclemen. No fems, long hair. Box 270.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY. SM. Libra. 30. 5'9". 170. 6". Levelheaded, friendly O.J. Simpson type bondage games enthusiast. Knowledgeable. Prefers athletic, hunky types. No fems, fats. Box 060R.

CHERRY HILL. S. Scorpio. 31. 5'8". 150. White. Knowledgeable. Bondage. No olds, fats, skinnies. Box 290.

***LINCOLN PARK. M. Capricorn. 52. 5'9½". 159. White. 5½". Completely inexperienced. Wants heavy nipple action, W/S from burly S up to 40. Group scenes a real turn-on. No fats, slenders, smalls. Box 135M.

***MORRISTOWN. S. Scorpio. 36. 6'2". 180. White. 6½". Novice. Dominant dude seeks self-supporting, true Slave who will obey all orders at all times. Under 32. Box 291.

NEWARK. M. Aries. 33. 6'. 170. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Black Master preferred but not essential. Wishes to please in any manner. Box 052Z.

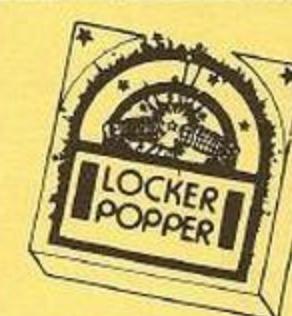
NEWARK. MS. Libra. 54. 5'9½". 155. White. 8½". Completely experienced. Seeks training from younger person. Box 294W.

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE. M. Virgo. 37. 6'1". 160. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Box 070.

ALBUQUERQUE. M. Leo. 43. 5'9". 165. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Will serve your big feet in either harness boots or tennis shoes. Box 165R.

***ALBUQUERQUE. M. Taurus. 23. 5'6". 150. White. 7". Novice. Will obey relaxed, secure Master in all ways. Must have large endowment. Interest in sports, outdoors preferred. No turkeys. Box 375.



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NEW YORK

ALBANY. MS. Cancer. 24. 5'11½". 165. White. 6½". Novice. No oldies, fatties, fems. Box 240.

ALBANY. S. Gemini/Taurus. 40. 6'2". 225. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants straight-appearing who digs police scene. Box 317.

AMHERST. M. Virgo. 27. 6'. 200. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Wants hairy, full leather (especially gloves), beard. Domination without pain. Box 210.

BRONX. M. Scorpio. 42. 5'10". 158. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants to be owned as a toilet Slave and houseman-servant. Two or more Masters preferred. Box 255.

CLAYTON. SM. Aquarius. 28. 5'7½". 160. White. 5½". Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn from attractive, open-minded, discreet dude. No fems, fats, scat. Box 292.

GLENS FALLS. S. Pisces. 46. 5'8". 150. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Will train willing Slave under 30. Limits respected. Prefers jock type athletic Slave. Box 260.

HUDSON. MS. Leo. 36. 6'1". 185. White. 10". Novice. Wants very good looking slender, muscular. No fats or over 35. Box 100.

LINDENHURST, L.I. S. Cancer. 30. 5'10". 145. White. 8". Old hand. Slave must be willing to be owned and controlled, used and lent. California preferred but any location possible. Heavy into bike scene. Box 081.

MT. KISCO. M. Sagittarius. 30. 6'. 170. White. 6". Novice. Enjoys slow pace to greater lengths. Seeks fellow bike owner under 40. No fems. Box 155.

***NEW YORK. M. Cancer. 38. 6'2". 210. White. 6". Novice. Wants to expand experiences with clean, masculine S over 5'5". Box 023.

NEW YORK. S. Libra. 42. 6'. 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks intelligent partner. Not a "sex only" type. Box 071E.

NEW YORK. MS. Gemini. 30. 5'11". 160. White. 8½". Prefers bearded or moustached biker. No fats or egotists. Box 133.

NEW YORK. M. Aries. 42. 5'11". 170. White. 5½". Knowledgeable. No long hair. No fems. Box 180.

NEW YORK. M. Pisces. 28. 5'10½". 140. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Will serve, obey, and satisfy completely a truly masculine Master. Prefers clean shaven shorthairs. Box 252B.

***NEW YORK. M. Libra. Mid-50s. 6'3". 165. White. 6". White-haired man of distinction will serve real male, any age, who fantasizes beating Daddy's ass, f*cking his professor, pissing into his priest, making the boss suck his ass, etc. No fats or fanatics. Box 290X.

NEW YORK. M. Aquarius. 36. 5'8". 136. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Must have intense masculine domination and bondage from man 40-55. Box 070T.

STATEN ISLAND. MS. Sagittarius. 35. 5'7". 140. White. 5½". Old hand. Wants slim and clean. Toilet training in rubber and swimwear. Box 220M.

UNIONDALE. M. Sagittarius. 23. 6'1". 200. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Will try anything for right Master. Box 005.

NORTH CAROLINA

RALEIGH. SM. Cancer. 43. 6'1½". 195. White. 8½". Novice. Domination without physical pain. Digs wearing partner's clothes and boots. Box 156.

RALEIGH. MS. Taurus. 34. 6'1". 165. White. 6". Novice. Will obey sexy, imaginative stud. Black preferred. Box 158.

NORTH DAKOTA

NOONAN. M. Cancer. 33. 5'9". 150. White. 6". Novice. Into rough sex, W/S, the raunchier the better. Hairy chest and tattoos a real turn on. No scat. Box 229.

OHIO

AKRON. SM. Sagittarius. 39. 6'2". 165. White. 8". Knowledgeable. N.E. Ohio, Richmond, Atlanta areas. Seeks versatility and enthusiasm. Box 154.

CANTON. M. Leo. 5'8½". 168. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Willing to serve clean, forceful Master. Box 227.

CLEVELAND. MS. Leo. 31. 6'1". 185. White. 7½". Completely inexperienced. Muscular guys with cock under 7½" preferred. Box 130.

COLUMBUS. M. Aries. 35. 5'10½". 165. Black. 7½". Knowledgeable. Wants to serve Master(s) as complete toilet Slave. Box 124.

COLUMBUS. SM. Taurus. 25. 5'9". 150. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Seeks stable, cut partner under 31. No fems, fats, hippies. Box 304.

DAYTON. SM. Virgo. 30. 5'7½". 185. White. 6½". Experienced. Eager to share scene and friendship with honest, intelligent partner under 40. No hard drugs, fems, fats. Box 123.

LAKEWOOD. S. Leo. 46. 6'1½". 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Wants completely subservient Slave who is clean and well endowed. Box 205.

MIDDLETON. M. Gemini. 44. 6'1½". 150. White. 7". Novice. Leather boot fetishist seeks partner 35 to 50. No torture. Box 070P.

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LAWTON. M. 31. 5'10". 135. White. 7". Novice. Needs humiliation, discipline and training. Eager to please strict stud Master. No drugs or fats. Box 315.

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PORTLAND. SM. Sagittarius. 33. 6'3". 198. White. 6¾". Completely inexperienced. Prefers short, dark, muscular. No fems, fats, redheads. Psychological domination more than physical pain. Box 028.

***PORTLAND. S. Scorpio. 32. 6'. 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Looking for young, true slave willing to serve and be owned fully for life. Must be uncut and hung. Box 064.

PORTLAND. S. Pisces. 43. 6'1". 145. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Trustworthy. Wants Slave for prolonged B&D for head and body training. Beginner OK. No fems, fats, dopers, quickies. Box 187J.

PENNSYLVANIA

EAGLES MERE. M. Gemini. 31. 6'. 200. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Will submit and totally obey right Master who respects limits and wants continuous relationship. Box 187C.

HARRISBURG. M. Scorpio. 40. 6'. 163. White. 6". Novice. Needs discipline and bondage. Box 319.

LANCASTER. SM. Virgo. 38. 5'7". 155. White. 5½". Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn from attractive, open minded, discreet dude. No fems, fats, scat. Box 194.

PHILADELPHIA. SM. Pisces. 49. 5'11". 175. White. 6½". Will train Slave to worship Master's leather and naked body. No dopers. Box 088T.

***PHILADELPHIA. M. Aries. 25. 6'. 160. White. 6½". Novice. Hunky dude digs on police/military scene. Must be honest, intelligent. No crazies, scat, drugs. Box 125J.

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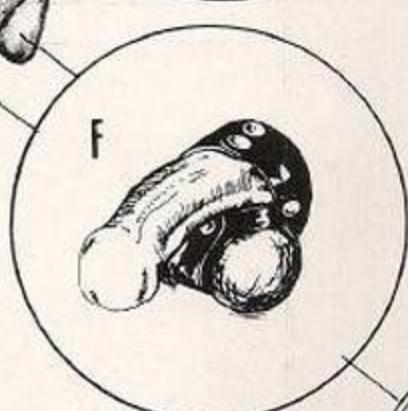
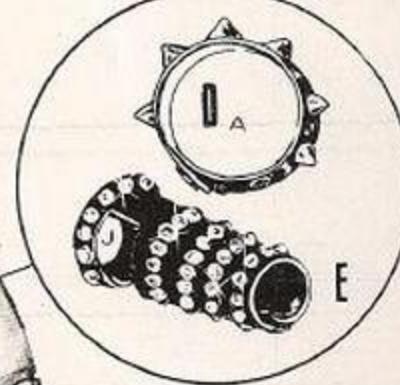
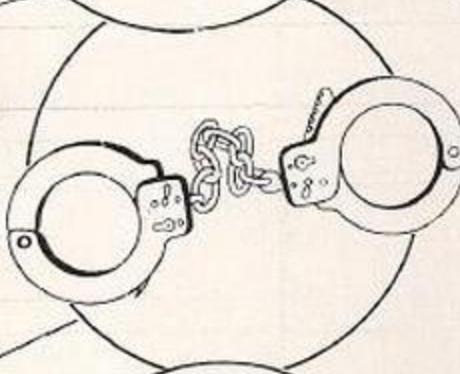
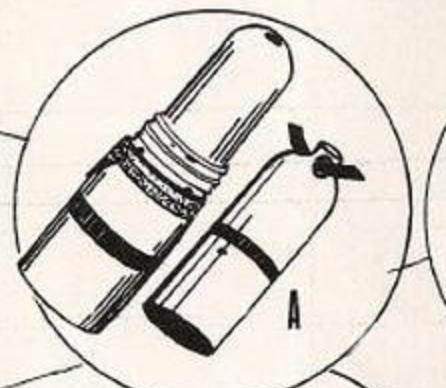
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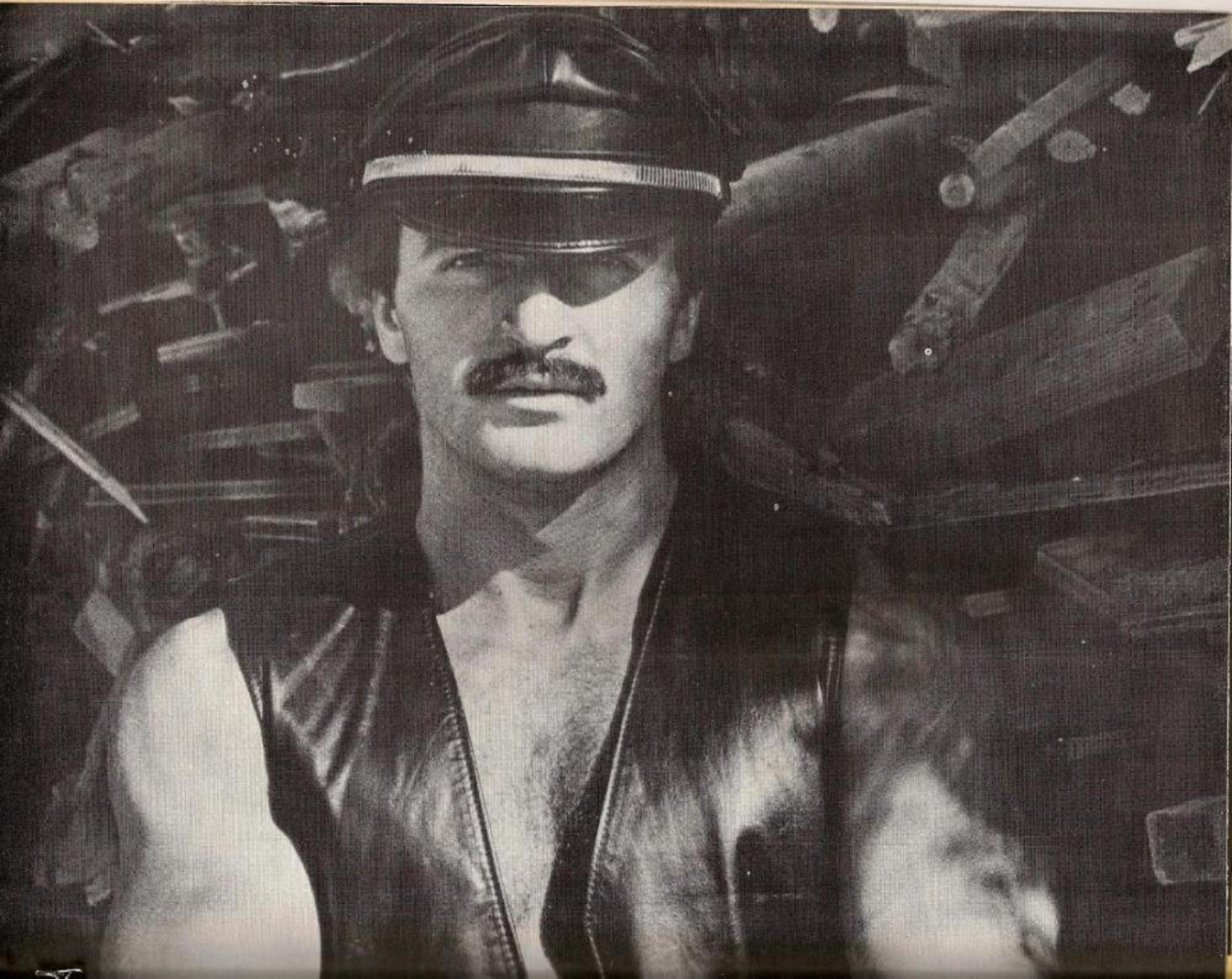


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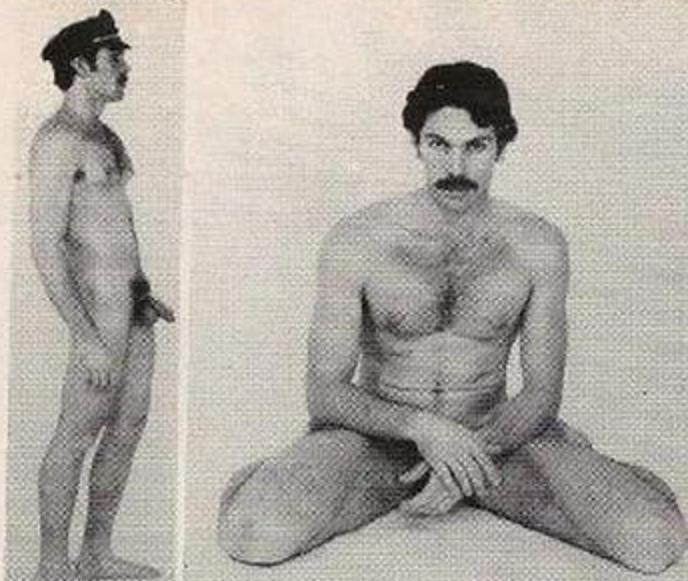




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This is not just your Run-Of-The-Mill BODY BUILDING Column. And to prove we mean business, our writer is none other than former Mr. America JIM MORRIS. We have chosen model DAVID BOOKER to get his beautiful ass to famous BRAD'S GYM just off the Sunset Strip in Hollywood. Next issue will feature our David's progress nude and in chains at BRAD'S obeying Jim's expert instruction—



JIM MORRIS

S & M GYM

A GYM WHERE YOU WORK OUT BUCK-NAKED, IN CHAINS, ARE FORCED TO DO THE REQUIRED NUMBER OF REPS—OR ELSE—CAN'T BE ALL BAD. A FORMER MR. AMERICA TAKES YOU THERE AND GUARANTEES THE RESULTS! READ ON

Let's say that your goal is weight gain. Or is it weight loss, reappportionment, or just toning? Regardless, the factors involved are the same — mental attitude, diet, exercise and rest. These four are equally important and equally dependent upon one another for results. Now we suggest a fifth to implement the first four: *discipline!* It has long been a fantasy of many would-be body builders to have not only a workout buddy, but an instructor who would insure results with a big, wide leather belt

an instructor who would make sure that they worked out to their limits. Then let the world take a look at that bod a few weeks later!

We'll take that theory a little further. Throw out the jockstrap, the workout shorts, the tennis and the sweat socks: let's exercise buck naked. A supporter? Constricting, and not really necessary for most exercises. A good heavy pair of Marine shackles is psychologically beneficial, and the added weight could be good for toning the leg muscles.

First, kneel down and write out how you look and feel **RIGHT THIS MINUTE!** Be brutally honest. Remember that no one will see this list but you. If you have a Master, perhaps he will want to start the ball rolling. Put down every detail. Hair gray? Bald spot? Eyes red? Teeth yellow? Crow's feet? Do you stand tall and proud or do you slouch? Is your walk sprightly? Are you alert? Sluggish? Voice too high? Too low? Hoarse? List your good points and habits as well as your bad ones. When you and/or your Master have listed everything you can think of about yourself, you should have at least two full pages of comments (about 50). Don't forget to include the status of your health over the past six months.

Once you've completed your list, go back and separate the positive and desirable points and itemize them on the lefthand side of a sheet of paper. Itemize the negative points

on the righthand side of the same sheet. If the lefthand column is longer than the right, and we hope it is, you should feel better about yourself already. Now you have a written picture of yourself. This is vitally important, because so many people have only a vague feeling when a change is due. If you have no concrete idea of what must be changed, you're lost. No one can work toward a goal without first defining that goal.

Now go over the righthand, negative list. Decide which things you are going to change and which you're not. For example, let's assume that you have a receding hairline and you decide against a transplant or hair piece. Move it to the lefthand column, the list of things that you like about yourself. From now on, you'll learn to love your receding hairline. Like it or not. No more looking in the mirror and lamenting the absence of hair. YOU decided not to do anything about it, so stop complaining. Shave what is left off.

Organize the points remaining in the righthand column into categories: physical, emotional, character and personality. Next to each point, note how you or your Master intend to change it. As you go through the list, imagine the New You with the changes incorporated. Gorgeous, aren't you? Keep this image in mind 24 hours a day so you'll know how to deal with it when you fit it. And you will, for this is what you're going to become. Be sure to share this image with your Master, not only so he'll know what he has to look forward to, but also because that's the only way he can get you whipped into shape. If you don't have a Master at present, you will soon.

At this point you may be wondering, "What in the hell does all this have to do with body building?" Well, your mental picture probably includes a new (at least overhauled) body. But there is also the emotional you, the happier person which will

make your physical gains come about that much easier and faster. Your new personality will attract people to you (whether or not you keep them, of course, is entirely up to your Master), and few things speed body building as quickly as the admiring glances of others. Training partners, friends, even enemies will offer advice and encouragement.

Personality, emotional and character changes are effected only by intense concentration and constant practice. You CAN change yourself without a psychiatrist! It's sometimes interesting to know exactly why you are a certain way, but it certainly is not necessary in order to bring about change. All that's really necessary is to identify the disliked trait and then to work on changing it. Of course, you must always strive to be the person you want to be. You'll be amazed at the amount of change which can be effected. So will your Master, and he'll probably be so grateful that he'll give you an extra lash or two. The discipline which you practice and develop here, and the discipline to which your Master subjects you, is the same as that which you will use in your entire body building program.

In subsequent articles, I will outline more bodybuilding basics. Until then, get back to your cage. NOW!

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READING. SM. Cancer. 43. 6'. 160. White. 6". Novice. Enjoys bondage. Rejects limits. Dominant, but will switch for right partner. Must be cut. Box 051B.

UPPER DARBY. M. Capricorn. 35. 5'10". 165. White. 7'8". Novice. Needs control and discipline from knowledgeable S who respects limits. No fems, fats, beards. Box 211.

*****YORK.** M. Cancer. 28. 5'8". 220. White. Will completely serve S to 35 who will dominate verbally, mentally, physically. Prefers someone nearby into verbal humiliation, slave and dog training. Box 184H.

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE. SM. Gemini. 55. 5'10". 148. White. 5'2". Novice. Seeks local contacts under 50. No fats, hard drugs. Box 327.

SOUTH DAKOTA

*****SIOUX FALLS.** M. Gemini. 27. 5'9". 150. White. 7". Novice. Submissive, aims to please. Seeking dominant partner or cowboy type to 30. No fems, passives. Box 263.

TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS. S. Leo. 33. 5'11". 165. White. 7". Novice. Must be butch and muscular. Box 086.

MEMPHIS. MS. Aquarius. 37. 6'2". 180. White. 6'1". Novice. Travels extensively. Will experiment under dominant partner. Box 140.

MEMPHIS. S. Scorpio. 25. 6'. 190. White. 6'1". Knowledgeable. Short hair, big balls preferred. Box 220R.

TEXAS

DALLAS. M. Scorpio. 30. 6'2". 155. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Wants masculine guys to paddle bare ass, switch thighs and calves with riding crop. Must be 18-40 and respect limits. Box 002.

DALLAS. S. Aries. 42. 5'8". 130. White. 7'1". Old hand. Handsome stud respects limits. No fats. Must be masculine appearing, acting. Box 049.

DALLAS. S. Aries. 39. 5'11". 190. White. 6'1". Old hand. Sixth generation Master demands an M who knows his place. No fems, fats, hippies. Box 137.

DALLAS. S. Libra. 39. 5'11". 170. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Permanent slave has police and Marine Corps discipline experience. Box 252M.

FORT WORTH. MS. Aquarius. 41. 6'2". 210. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Partner should be masculine, mature, affectionate, outdoor type. No fats, fems, filth, drugs. Box 059D.

*****FORT WORTH.** M. Leo. 50. 6'1". 150. White. Completely inexperienced. Wishes to be of use to and provide enjoyment for partner who will help him to realize his fantasies. No fat or indiscreet persons. Box 252D.

HOUSTON. S. Libra. 29. 5'8". 155. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wishes to learn needs and limits of slave from quiet, submissive partner willing to start slowly. Box 313.

SAN ANTONIO. S. Virgo. 40. 6'2". 186. White. 8'1". Completely inexperienced. Wants to meet someone to help him teach his lover total obedience. No fats. Box 450.

VIRGINIA

ALEXANDRIA. M. Leo. 25. 5'11". 170. White. 6'1". Old hand. Needs to respect and totally serve very firm and gentle Master. Wants to wear permanent collar for right person. Can travel. Box 084.

RICHMOND. S. Leo. 52. 5'9". 172. White. 9". Old hand. Wants true lover of Levis, high boots, riding britches. Cycle owner preferred. Box 400.

WOODBRIDGE. MS. Scorpio. 42. 5'11". 180. White. 6'1". Knowledgeable. Prefers M role, but will switch. Wants bondage and rough treatment by sadistic Master. No drugs, dirty scenes. Box 043.

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE. MS. Cancer. 25. 5'11". 175. White. 6". Novice. Motorcycle guys, cowboys, cops. Gags. Not into heavy beating. Box 138.

TACOMA. SM. Capricorn. 35. 6'2"1/2". 190. White. 7". Novice. Wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns new Harley and prefers bike owner. No fems, fats. Box 185G.

WISCONSIN

KENOSHA. MS. Libra. 36. 5'11"1/2". 175. White. 6". Novice. Eager to learn either role from clean, straight-acting person. No 40's or hardcore S/M's. Box 161.

*****ST. CROIX FALLS.** SM. Gemini. 31. 6'. 185. White. 6'1". Knowledgeable. Heavy into oral, strapping, whipping action. Will switch roles for right person. No permanent relationships. Box 157.

WYOMING

LARAMIE. S. Gemini. 25. 5'10". 180. White. 6'1". Novice. No role switching. Muscular, dark preferred. Box 013X.

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA. S. Taurus. 34. 5'8". 154. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Digs breeches, boots, cycle police. Wants correspondence with breecher/leather guys. Box 062.

CANADA

*****DOWNSVIEW, ONTARIO.** SM. Capricorn. 25. 5'8". 135. White. 7". Will do anything to or for a real motorcycle cop, MP, state trooper or cowboy type. White, clean, non-smoker preferred. No drugs. Box 285.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO. SM. Gemini. 37. 5'9"1/2". 170. White. 5". Novice. Muscular passive sought for beating. Box 190.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO. MS. Cancer. 47. 5'9"1/2". 170. White. Old hand. Must like boots, leather and bondage. Young preferred, but not essential. Box 088A.

*****OTTAWA, ONTARIO.** SM. Aquarius. 40. 5'11". 175. White. 5'1". Knowledgeable. Prefers considerate, intelligent, bodybuilder type over 25. Box 024.

OTTAWA, ONTARIO. S. Taurus. 40. 6'. 175. White. 6". Imaginative, versatile master seeks masculine slave into bondage, tit work, etc. Must be intelligent. Box 071C.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. MS. Capricorn. 23. 5'7". 120. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Needs experienced, forgiving teacher under 30 in Toronto. Box 074.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. S. Leo. 50. 5'7". 142. White. 7". Old hand wants docile M who can take strappings. Willing to train. Will respect limits. No fems or under 25. Box 080.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. M. Leo. 33. 5'9". 150. White. 7'1". Novice, seeks understanding farm or ranch type master. No fats or heavy drinkers. Box 052M.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. MS. Pisces. 33. 5'7". 130. White. 6'1". Knowledgeable. Will service, please and obey butch stud in boots and smelly jeans. Bikers a plus. No fems, fats, blacks. Box 081Z.

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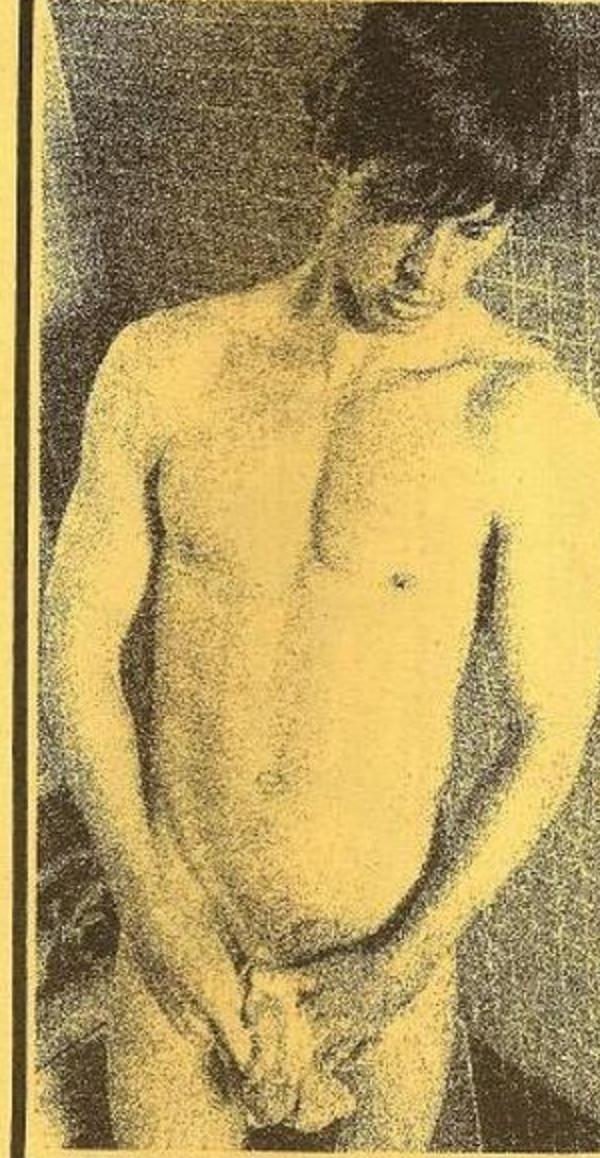
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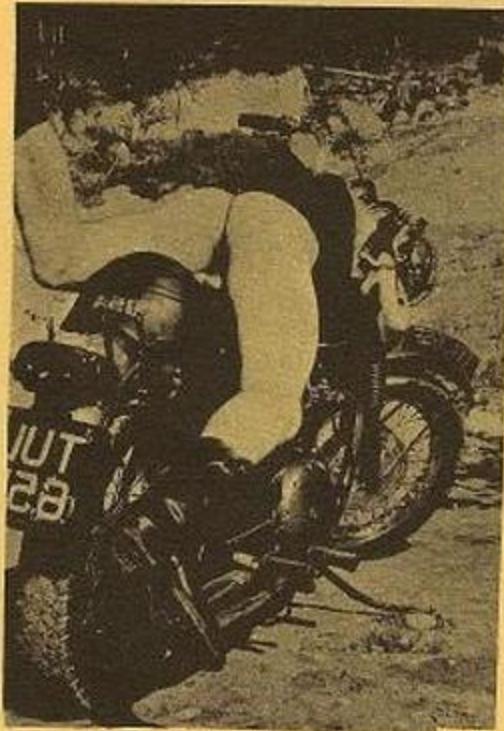
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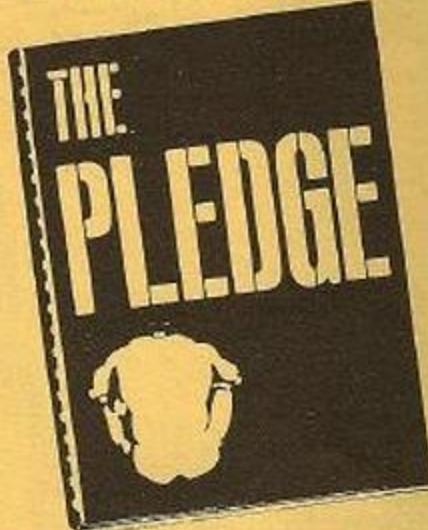
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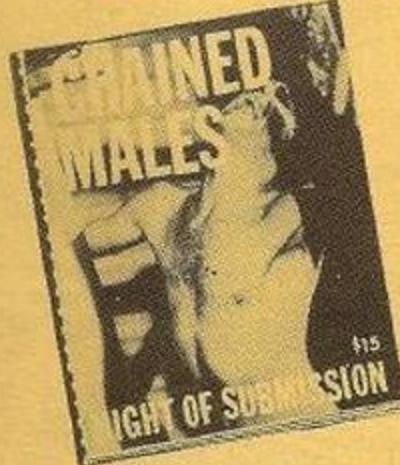
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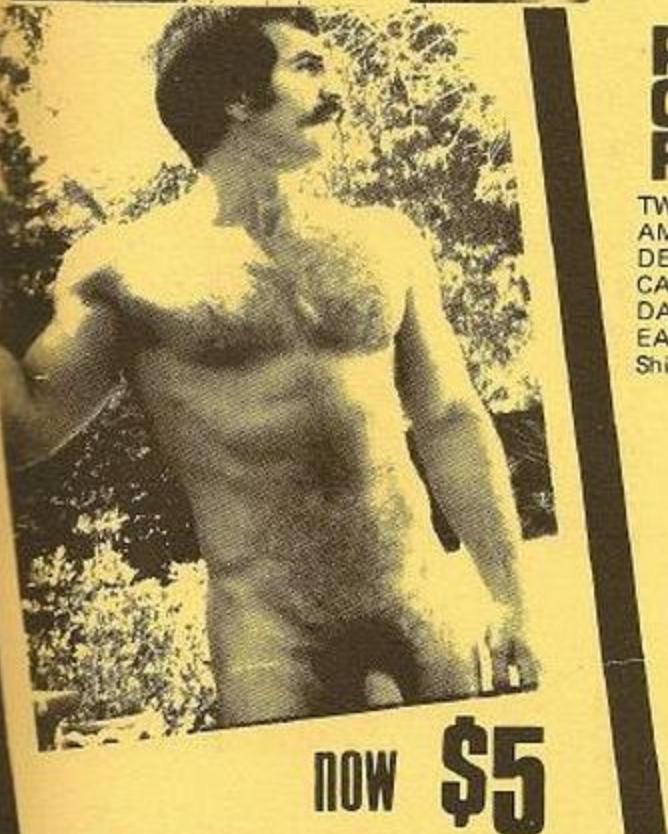
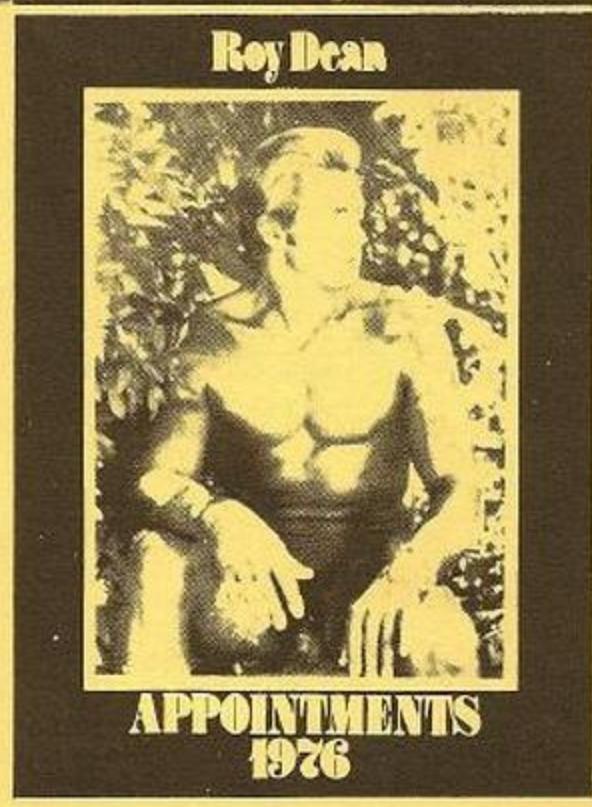
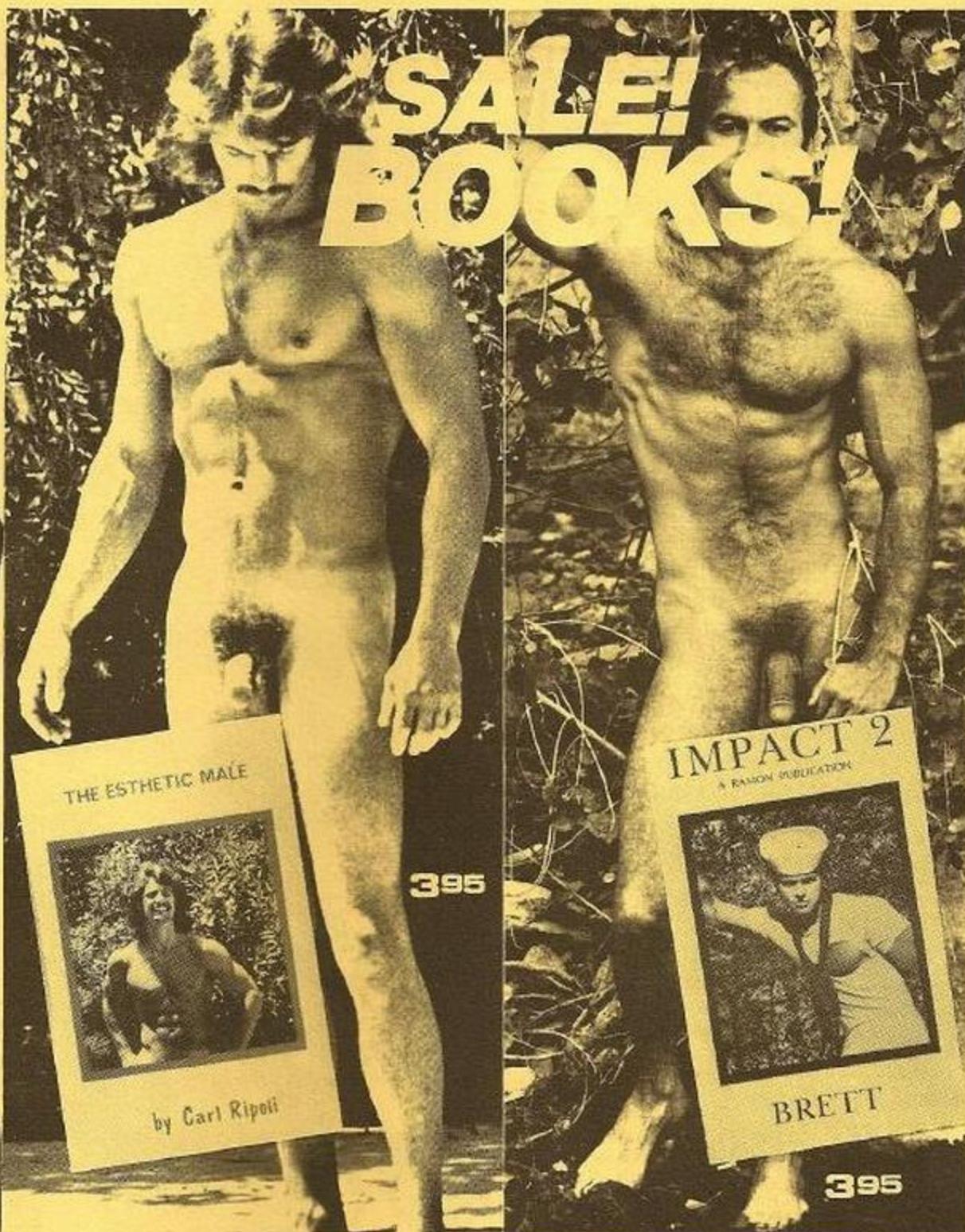
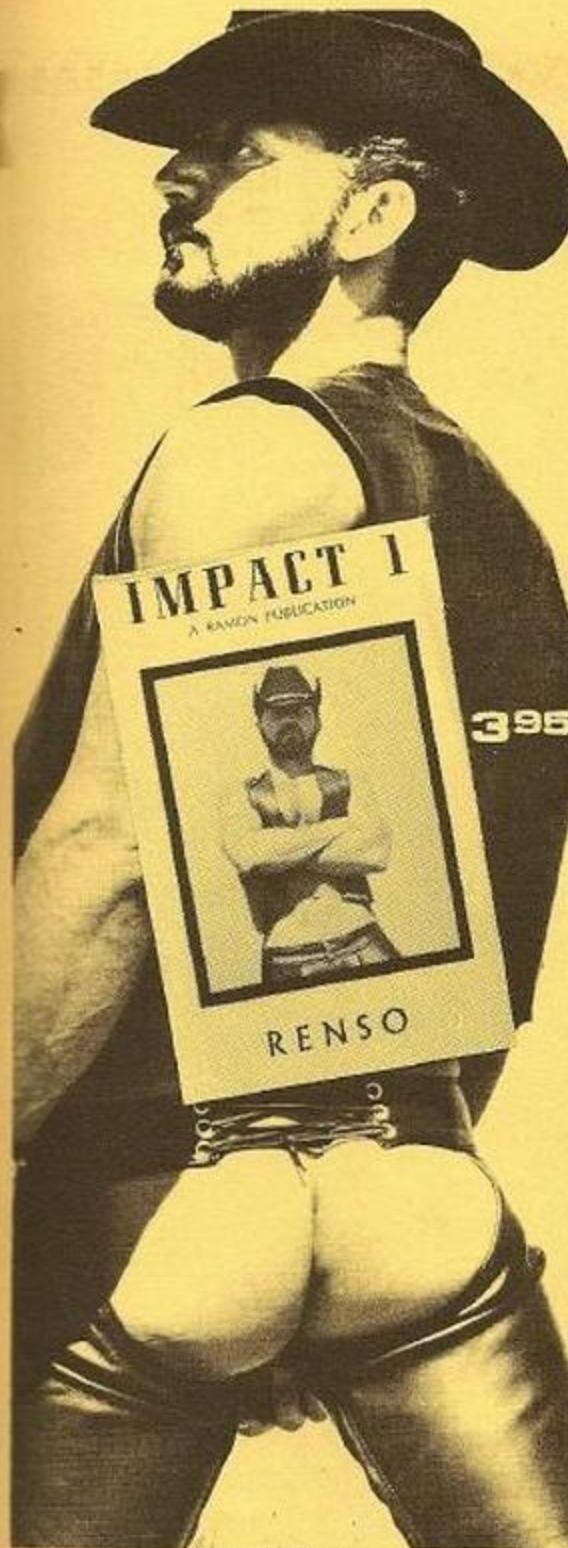
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HOLLYWOOD. S. Cancer, 32, 5'11", 170, White, 9", old hand, S&M film superstar wants to dominate ultra masculine partner. 30 to 50. No fems, fats. Box 185P.

LOS ANGELES. S. Libra, 37, 6'4", 200, White, 7 1/2", Knowledgeable will respect limits, of husky, masculine slave with hairy chest. No fems, scat, heavy scenes. Must be discreet. Box 205M.

FLORIDA

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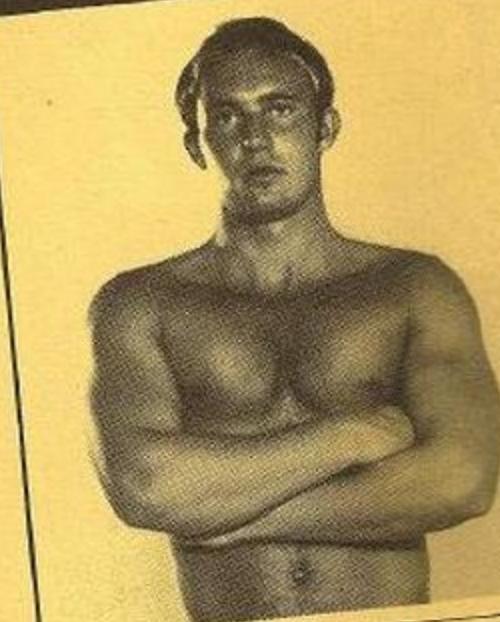
BUCKS COUNTY. M. Taurus, 48, 6', 145, White, 6", Knowledgeable. Wants relationship with clean, intelligent man with leather tastes. No hardcore S&M, drugs, fats, blacks. Box 252C.

WAYNE. MS. Leo, 47, 5'7 1/2", 145, White, 7", knowledgeable. Seeks sincere, straight-appearing, respectful master, 30 to 50. No fats, blacks, redheads. Box 296G.

All inquiries concerning THE LEATHER FRATERNITY, or letters for forwarding to FRATERNITY members, should be addressed to: THE LEATHER FRATERNITY, P.O. Box 8444, La Crescenta, CA 92324. Members of the FRATERNITY may contact other members whose listings appear above by putting their response into a STAMPED, SEALED envelope. In PENCIL, write the member's box number on the front and send it to the FRATERNITY. Your letters will be forwarded the same day.

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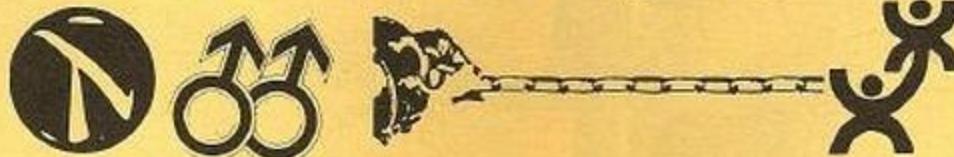


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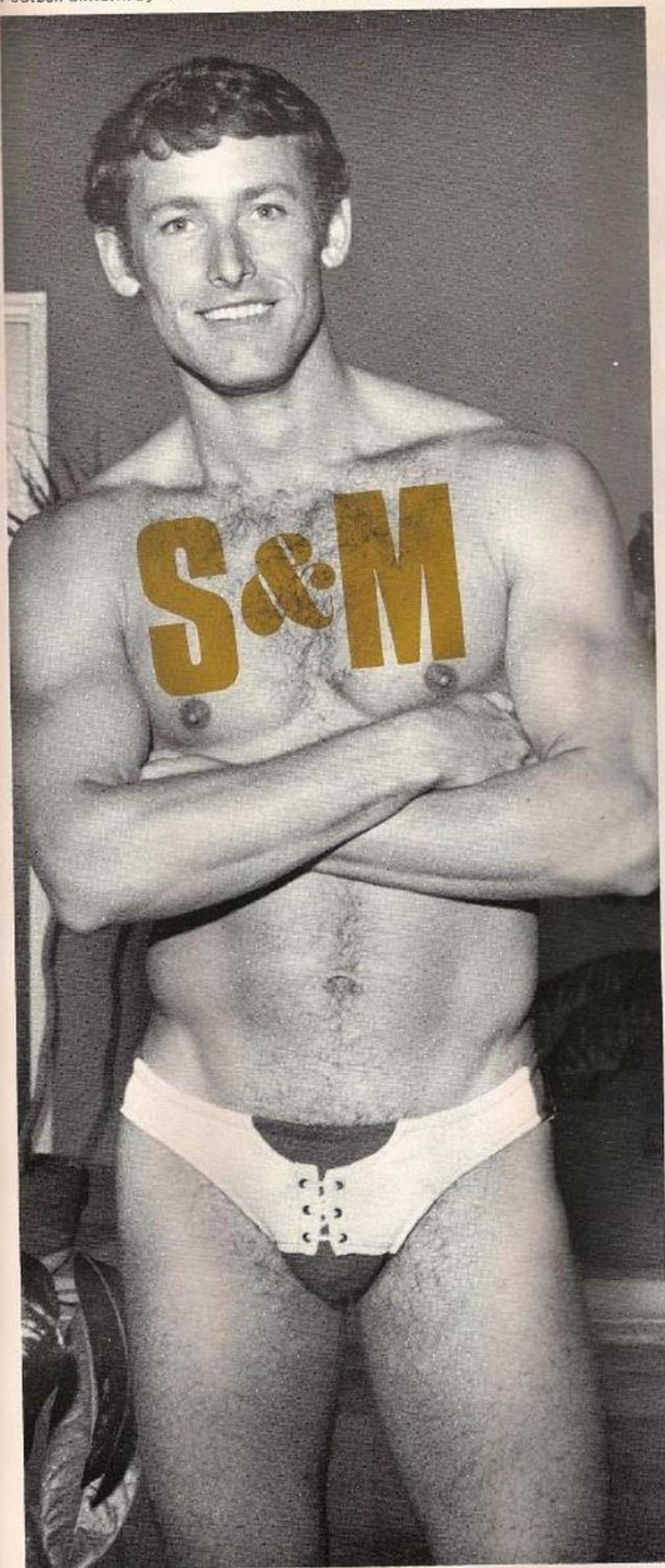
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The Leather Fraternity

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rather apologetic regular men in blue, stopped the performance and began handcuffing personnel of the Meeting House Cabaret. Those arrested, ostensibly for displaying nudity where food and liquor were being served, included four waiters clad in sarongs briefly doffed on stage; the superstar who sang and displayed his 12' talent; two muscle-men, a boy juggler, a drag queen and a comedienne, all of whom stripped; and another woman who, as emcee, never took off her clothes. The producer, Gerald Gordon, was also

arrested as an accomplice to the above crimes but was not handcuffed (cuffs being discretionary, after all).

The audience of about 150, which included Mr. Blackwell and other members of the press, were mostly irate. They gave the performers ovations as they were led off the stage, and several chose to remonstrate with the officers, but to no avail. The Vice expressed amazement that no one followed their lead in demanding refunds. I was only stunned that when the houselights came on, half my station stood up with badges.

Of these, one young woman carried the drinks I had served her in a Mason jar as she pointed out all the men who had been nude on stage, and she was very good at putting the cocks together with the faces. (The jar was to show headquarters that if she'd had a good time, it wasn't because of the liquor.)

The cast was given the opportunity to dress, but we waiters were not allowed to get our pants or shoes. In pairs, escorted by pairs of patrolmen, we were driven in separate cars to Wilshire Division.

The attitude of our escorts was one of mild embarrassment, although the girls complained of verbal harassment from the Vice. At the station, booking was delayed until someone could find a copy of the municipal ordinance we had allegedly violated. An extra clerk was summoned to help type the booking information. Those of us with local I.D. were released on our Own Recognizance, while the producers secured a bondsman for the out-of-towners who were subsequently released on bail of \$1000 each.

Beginning at midnight, we were let out one-at-a-time every five minutes. We chose to regroup in the outside hall. In the brief lava-lava, if I sat down everything fell out on the bench, so I stood rather than get busted for indecent exposure in the station. (Some of the kids were a little leery of the photographers, but I told them to cover their faces with their sarongs.)

When we met in an attorney's office the following Monday, we were full of questions. The producers had told us prior to the opening that there was no danger of arrests. On several occasions, they asked that a police representative view the show. The city had replied that this would not be necessary, that there were no violations. The police said at the time of the arrests that they were called in because "a woman complained."

We read the ordinance. It stated that it is illegal to show tits and ass "where food and/or liquor is being served EXCEPT IN A CONCERT HALL OR OTHER PLACE WHERE THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT IS NORMALLY PRESENTED." Since the emphasis is theirs, I must assume that the vice can't read phrases set in caps.

The woman who complained was the chick with the Mason jar who had gone to the pay phone to ask for officers to aid with the arrests.

The exact definition of a theatre is vague enough that the City Attorney's office chose not to file charges. There was no arraignment, only a tremendous cost to the taxpayers.

To add insult to injury, the producers docked us for the two-and-a-half hours we spent in the can.

—Bill Quinn

HE'S SHANE



**MEN
ARE OUR ONLY
TRADE! MARK**

HE walks towards you. HE stares deep into your eyes. You are stunned, paralyzed by his overpowering masculinity. Your heart beat quickens as you try to speak but the thunder in HIS voice echoes, as HE takes command of the conversation. It is then that you realize HE is in control. Who is HE? HE'S SHANE! And —

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DRUM BEATS

ODE TO CAPRICORN

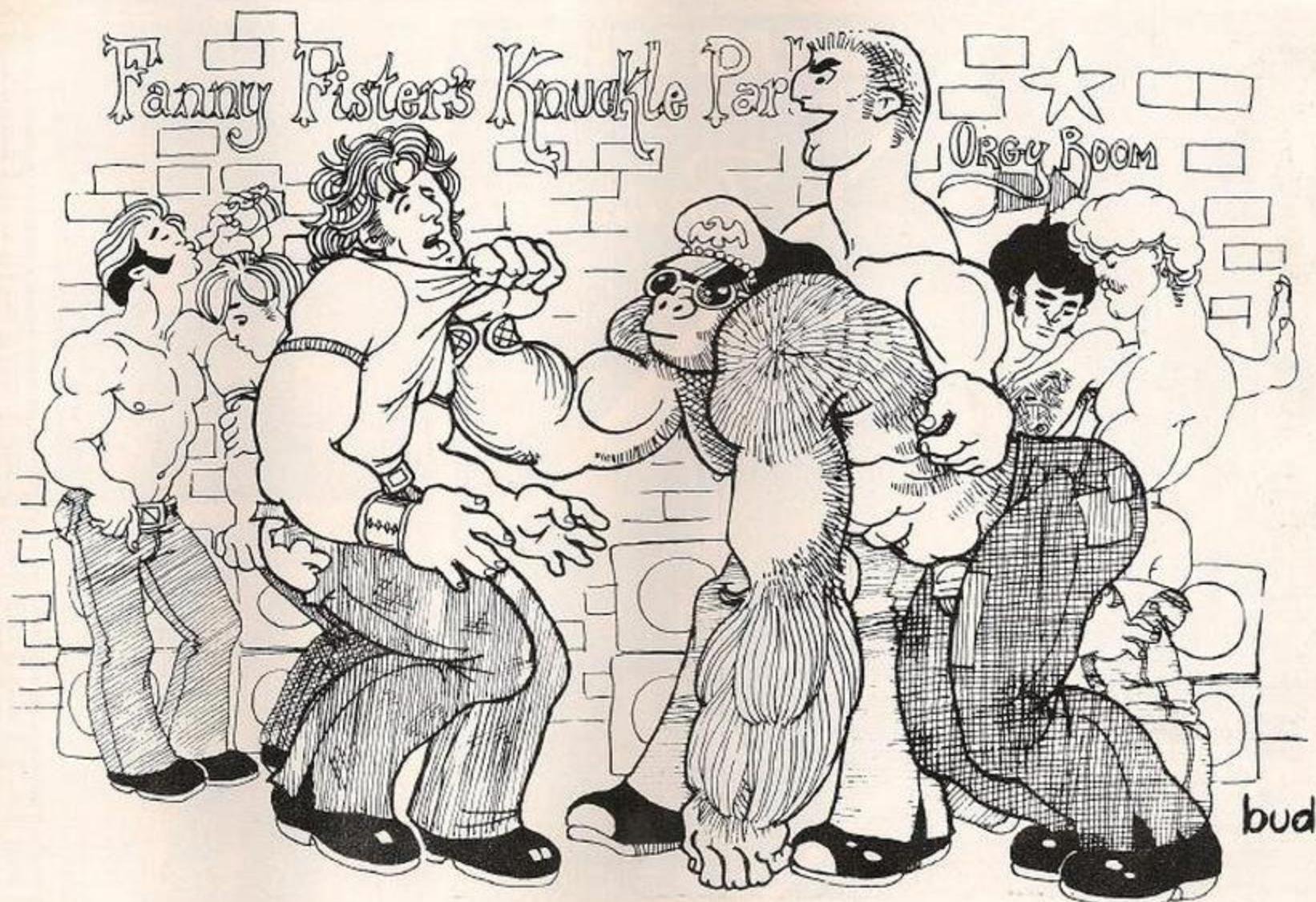
*Love is sometimes like the night . . .
Once the brightness has faded,
We seem to forever
Linger in darkness.*

*When we were united—
You were I . . . and
I was you.
Why can't we
Pass through the same door
Again?*

Song — R. PRITCHARD



"Take my hand—I'm a stranger in Paradise . . ."



*"Bitch, bitch, bitch! You distinctly said, 'Big, dark,
butch, muscular and hairy—with VERY BIG HANDS!'"*



WHO ARE THEY?
They're just some of the hunky young men from

Brentwood

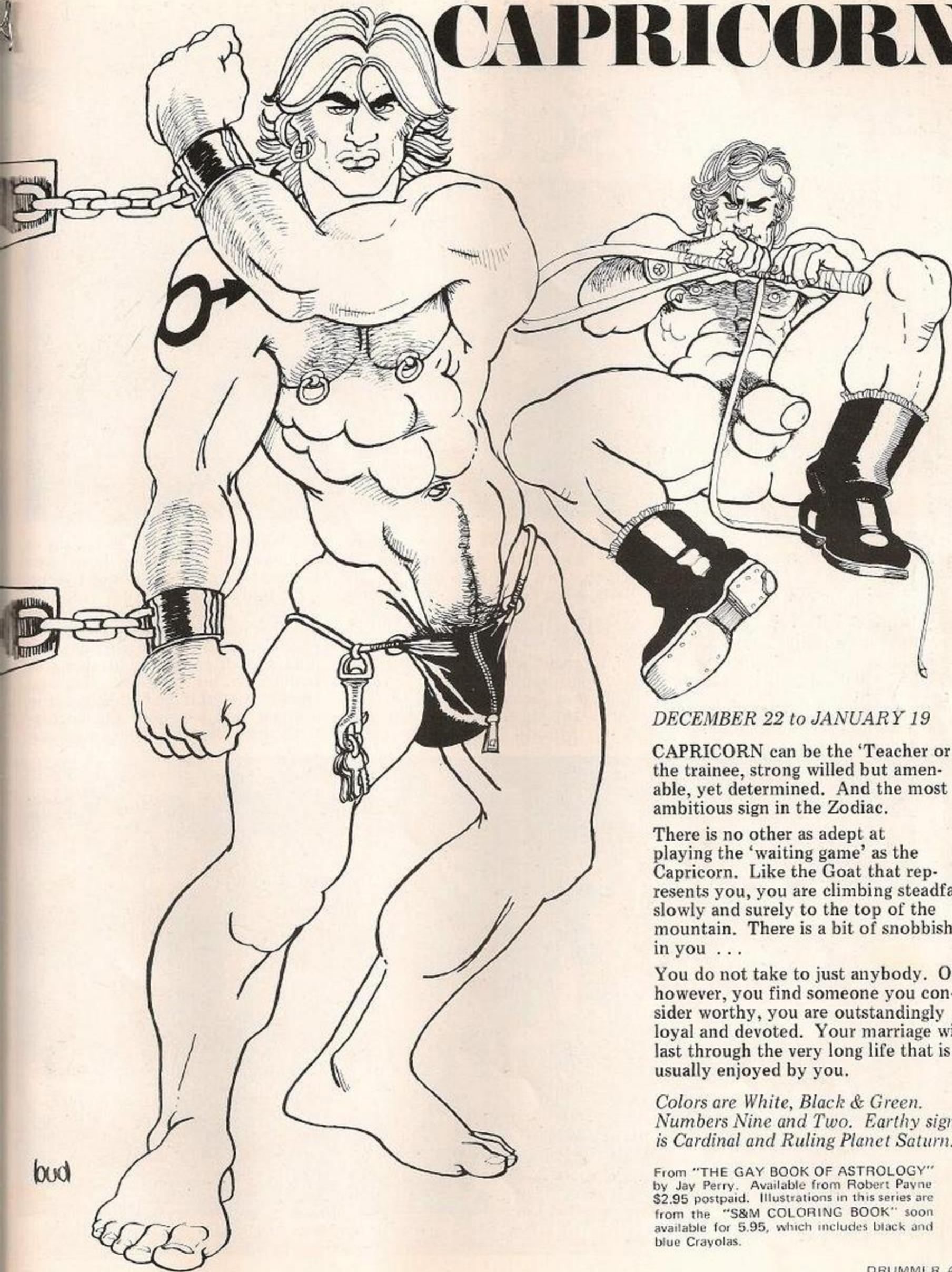
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CAPRICORN



DECEMBER 22 to JANUARY 19

CAPRICORN can be the 'Teacher or the trainee, strong willed but amenable, yet determined. And the most ambitious sign in the Zodiac.

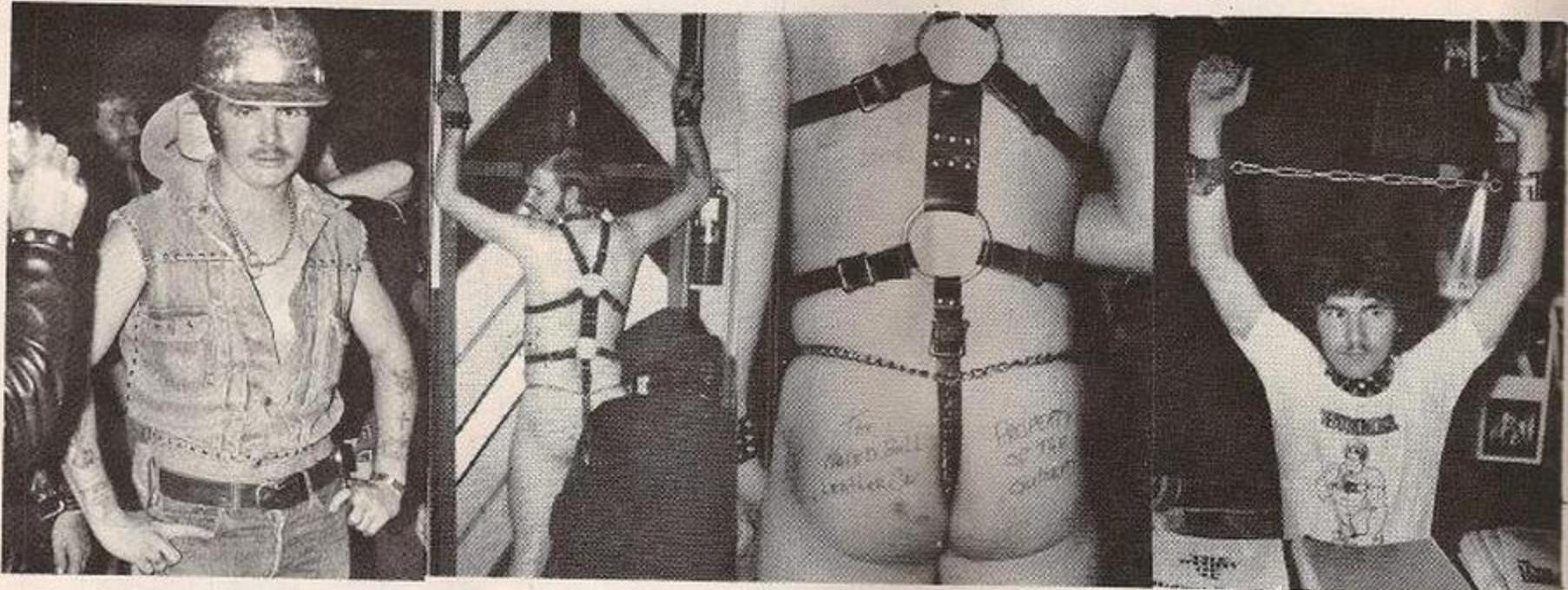
There is no other as adept at playing the 'waiting game' as the Capricorn. Like the Goat that represents you, you are climbing steadfast, slowly and surely to the top of the mountain. There is a bit of snobbishness in you . . .

You do not take to just anybody. Once, however, you find someone you consider worthy, you are outstandingly loyal and devoted. Your marriage will last through the very long life that is usually enjoyed by you.

*Colors are White, Black & Green.
Numbers Nine and Two. Earthy sign
is Cardinal and Ruling Planet Saturn.*

From "THE GAY BOOK OF ASTROLOGY" by Jay Perry. Available from Robert Payne \$2.95 postpaid. Illustrations in this series are from the "S&M COLORING BOOK" soon available for 5.95, which includes black and blue Crayolas.

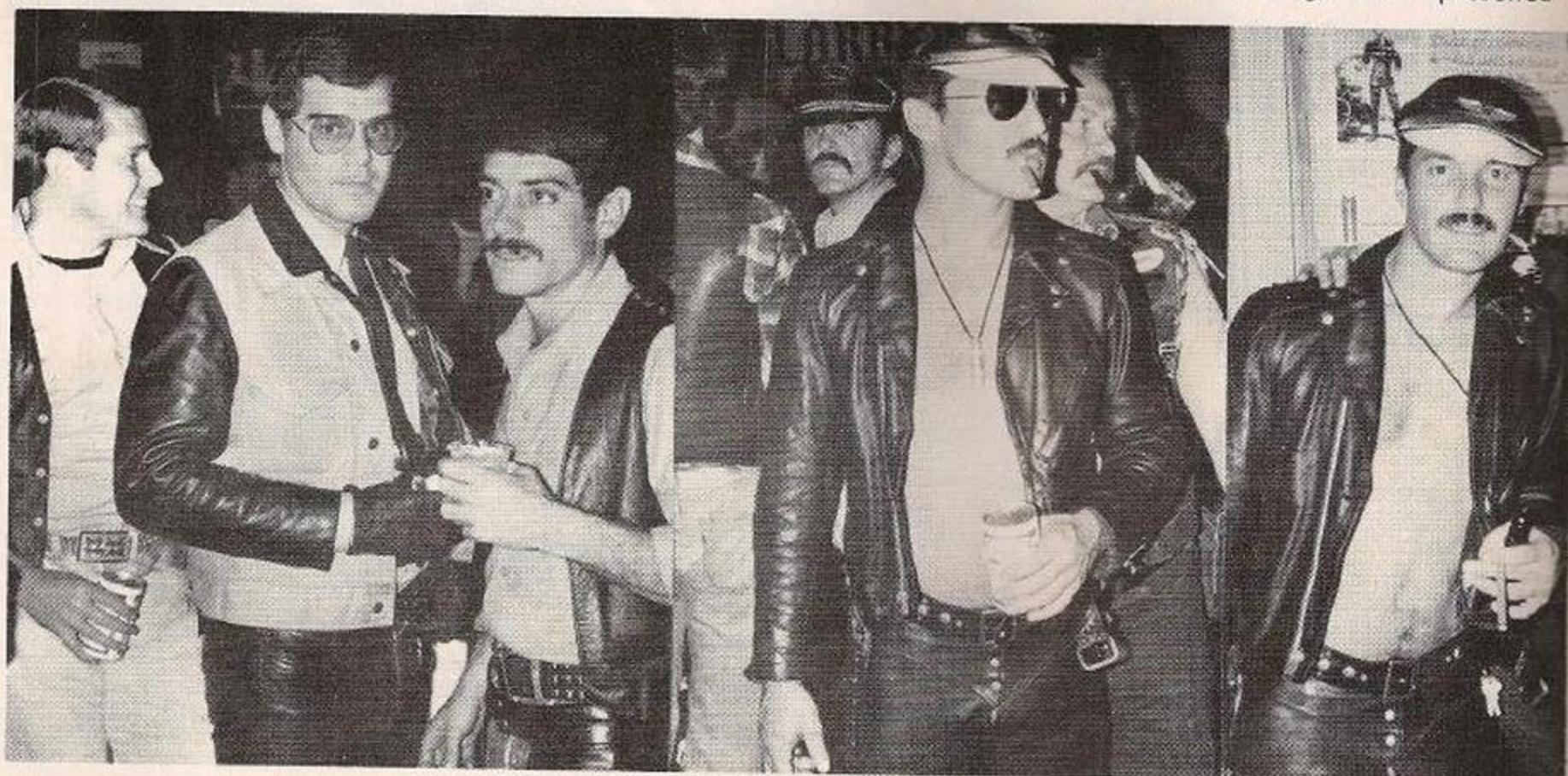
drummer goes to a leather sabbat



The hall is filled to twice, three times its capacity. Good thing that someone had the foresight to open up the patio. All the leather aficionados are gathered for the rites of the year, hanging loose, expressing their sexuality in explicit visual terms. Cruising is heavy at the Hawk's Leather Sabbat. At one of the booths the Accu-Jac loop is into the middle of sexplaining how to attach the various size sleeves to the suction hose.

"I don't have any trouble making out," claims the dude on the TV screen, "but let's face it: there are times when I'm just not up to going out." A Leatherman permits his slave, securely fastened to a leash, to watch for awhile. He gives a couple of tugs on the chain, and they disappear past the dildo booth into the crowd. A dude in a jockstrap and a Dodgers cap is dancing with a telephone lineman. Around where the black

brothers are selling chili and beans in a jungle hut, the alley hosts two bikers taking turns pushing their dicks into the face of a kid wearing a dog collar. Four balls slap rhythmically against his chin. Some saliva runs out of his mouth and drips in long strands to where his hand is pulling on his foreskin. The Mr. Leather contest is the highlight of the evening, and whenever the contestants are off-stage their presence





DRUMMER'S own VAL MARTIN, star of *SEXTOL* and *BORN TO RAISE HELL* was selected "MR. LEATHER" by the record crowd. Runner-up was Kelway Pollock, representing the LEATHER FRATERNITY. Seven other hunky contestants garnered their share of votes and admirers. (below) Hooded slaves were allowed to follow their masters through the crowd—touching nothing, keeping their mouths shut.

dominates the scene as they stare down from giant photo blowups of themselves that tent the hall. The Hawks, who have gotten no support from the bike clubs, have outdone them all. Everybody is here, officially or not.

Peter Bromolow, everybody's favorite leather emcee, direct from his gig as Queen Victoria at the Blue Max Bike Club investiture, reads off the list of Mr. Leather candidates in

the Queen's English. Backstage, one of the contestants is missing his leather jockstrap; several groupies are off in search of it. Another contestant is missing from the lineup, momentarily lost in the crowd, enduring the agony and ecstasy of political life, gathering votes, making new friends. Mr. Conviviality is selected; little time is left before the big moment.

At last everybody's clothing is

located. The votes are counted. The crowd surges close to the stage. The air smells of beer and sweat. Tension mounts. The final role call of the candidates is read.

The Leather Fraternity's Kelway cops the first runner-up spot, an important position since he must serve as Mr. Leather in the event that the winner, for whatever reason, is unable to fulfill his duties, whatever they may be. Finally, Val Martin, the star of "Born to Raise Hell" and the Superstar of the S&M screen, snags the title. The hall is illuminated by the firing of flash bulbs. Val hugs his trophy and obligingly unbuttons his codpiece. Ten or 12 minutes of hysteria reign. The contest over, the evening has shot its load and the crowd begins to disappear for more accommodating surroundings. A few linger at the Leathermania booth, picking up a cock ring or a leather harness or some restraints to heighten the excitement of the remainder of the evening. The bikes head down Melrose for the next event of the night of the Leather Sabbat, some straight-up fucking at the L.A. Tubs. And life goes on in Leather Land, that stylish subdivision of Lotus World.



WORDS & PICTURES by

BOB OPEL

DRUMMER views the Flicks



HARD-HATTED
"NOON" (TONY LEEI)
PREPARES
MATT (GREG MIERS)
FOR SOME
HARD-FISTED
ACTION IN
"MORNING, NOON
AND NIGHT."

'MORNING, NOON & NIGHT'

A Selo Films production and release. Distributed by Marathon Films. Producer: Taylor Benson. Writer-Director-Editor-Photographer: Nick Eliot. Sound: Tom Case. Featuring: Dave Daniel, Greg Miers, Scott Heath, Tony Lee, Joe Gage.

"Morning, Noon and Night" is the sort of movie I'd have to call "promising," meaning that if the people responsible for it ever get their act together they'll most likely come up with some really neat stuff. As it is, what MNN mostly has to offer are some pretty people, a loose plot, a low-key message (Jesus, a message! What is porno coming to?) and a few genuinely and intentionally funny bits. Trouble is, there are more scenes that are funny without intent.

As the film opens, roommates Jim and Matt are both early morning-wet dreaming about a hunky blond surf bunny, the "Red" of their conscious fantasies as well. Their alarms go off before they do and, after performing their individual ablutions, they sit down to Cheerios (What? No Breakfast of Champions?) and a tricky conversational exchange about their various sackquaintances.

Soon Jim is entertaining "Morning," something of a rude awakening like many another. Physically, Morn-

ing is a klutz. Intellectually, he gets turned on by reading Kafka aloud. At least he reads aloud until Jim sticks his cock in his mouth, no doubt the only way to shut him up. Theirs is an intellectual relationship: they screw to Sibelius, blow to Bach, rim to Rimsky-Korsakov.

"Noon" is Matt's turn, a hard-hat number who's so butch that he sucks and fucks in his workclothes. He finally does drop his drawers. After all, it's tough to get your legs up in the air with Levis around your ankles.

Inasmuch as Jim and Matt had traded photos of their daytimers, but kept their evenings to themselves, it shouldn't come as much of a surprise (not to the audience, anyhow) to discover that they share "Night," a self-described incurable romantic who screws up by inviting both dates for the same day. But they screw him back, so it's okay. This improbable turn of events sets the stage for one of the funniest scenes of the film. The three of them decide to make the best of what could have been (and is eventually such) a sticky situation, and they roll around in a veritable fruit salad of apples, grapes, tomatoes, lettuce (dressed with Crisco oil?) and a very large zucchini which is consumed, but not by an oral ori-

fice. Needless to say, the roomies begin to look at each other in a different light during and after this mélange... they probably didn't realize what good taste the other one had... and, predictably, they walk hand-in-hand into the sunset.

Whereas sound is frequently a problem with fuckfilms, it's unfortunate that this is not the case here. But the cast does admirably well considering the dialogue they have to work with. Personally, I would have been embarrassed to admit that my own true love had "The mind of Morning... the heart of Noon... and the body of Night..." The camera work and photography, however, are excellent, as evidenced by the slow action shots of Jim on the horizontal bar and the semi-documentary approach to the beach and its assorted two-legged denizens.

"Morning, Noon and Night" is currently on a coast-to-coast distribution tour through Marathon Films: watch for it in Atlanta, Washington, D.C., Boston, Providence, Houston, Chicago, New York City and Los Angeles. And be absolutely sure to watch for the next Nick Eliot-Taylor Benson picture; if they keep their promises, it'll be a winner!

—SIDNEY CHARLES



IT HAPPENED IN AMSTERDAM

Although one cannot tell from the inscrutability of the young Oriental standing at the table, he goes bananas and shreds the grayhaired fellow with a Samurai sword. Why? Well, it seems that the older gentleman collects boys to beat. Much to the chagrin of the young man, he finds himself added to the collection until thwack! whoosh! take that, round-eyes!

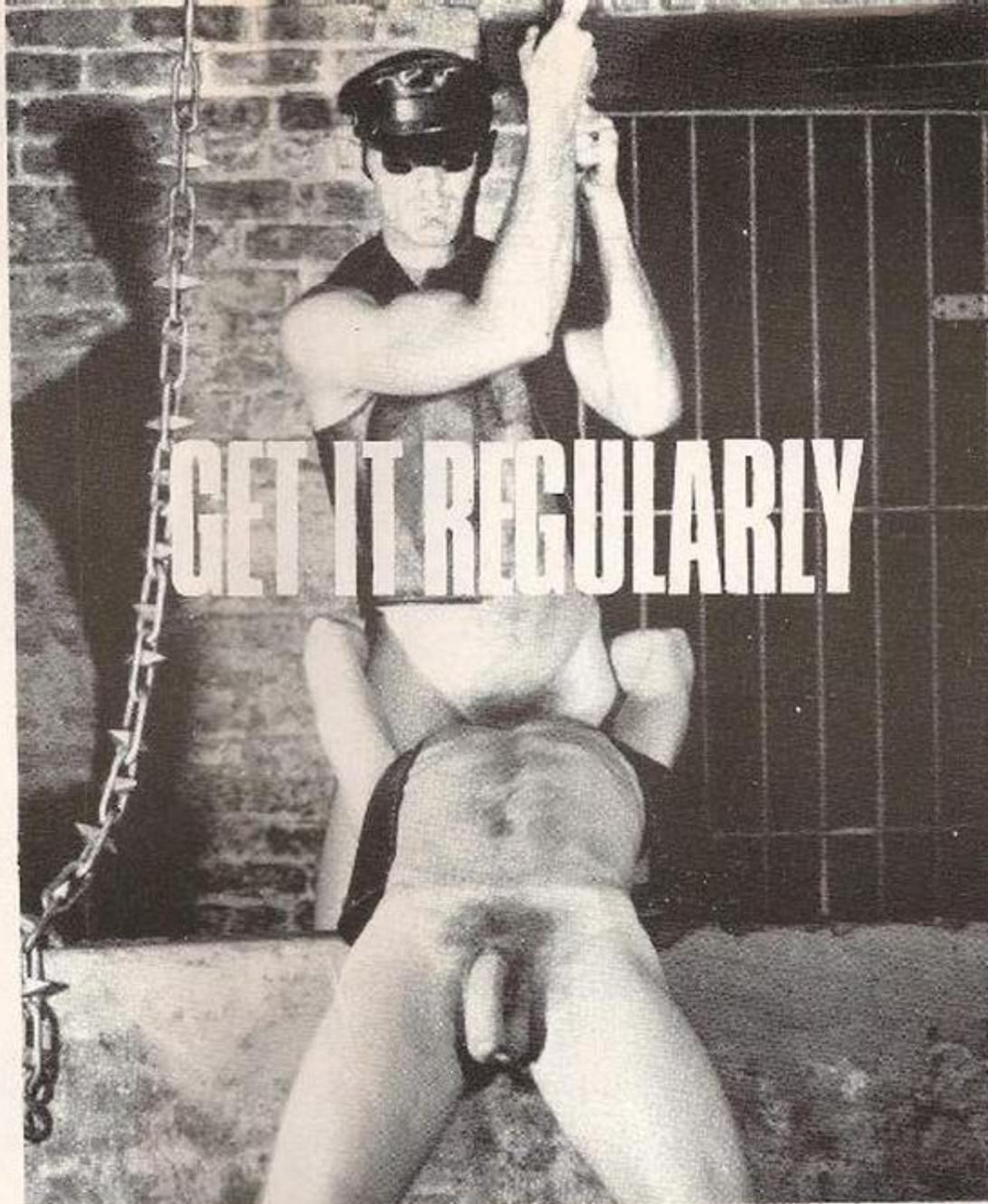
This is a Japanese film I discovered quite by accident at Los Angeles' Toho LaBrea. I was waiting for the curtain to go up on a neighboring play, and I watched the film for fifteen minutes. It turned out to be so provocative that I decided to go back. Let me say up front that when a Japanese leading man is young and gorgeous, there is no more physically appealing screen personality for me in the world. Okenichi Hagiwara is such a star, and he fairly bursts with animal vitality and magnetism. The camera has a virtual love affair with his skin, roaming up and down his velvet back and shoulders. (Dammit! He is always careful to keep a towel on!) Even when he is sitting on a toilet, he looks sexy. (The Japanese, you see, do not consider this function un-photographable.)

The plot concerns Okenichi's love affair with a Japanese hooker. They enjoy Amsterdam together until her boss (Mario Perquette) sends his henchmen after her. She is spirited away in a long, black limousine, and Okenichi goes looking for her. It is in the course of his pursuit that the girl's boss decides to add Okenichi to his harem. He forces him into sexual submission and beats him unmercifully, but Okenichi gets in the kindest cut of all and the episode points the way to a masterful ending.

The girl, posed at a frosty window, is shot, and her fingers trace a sad pattern of blood down the pane as a small doll is obliterated by the falling snow. Okenichi runs across a lake of ice; a shot rings out and he dies, skimming like a blur of misty foam into Eternity.

The direction of this film is truly magnificent at times, and the score is haunting throughout. The exquisite camerawork is a testimonial to the wonder of the Japanese mastery of technique. And, of course, Okenichi is absolutely something else.

—Allan Leopold



Scene from TARGET STUDIO'S "THE PIT"—six 4"X5" prints \$5 from ROBERT PAYNE.

DRUMMER is the hottest new publication on the market today and the only magazine published just for the Leather community!

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S&M IN THE COMICS

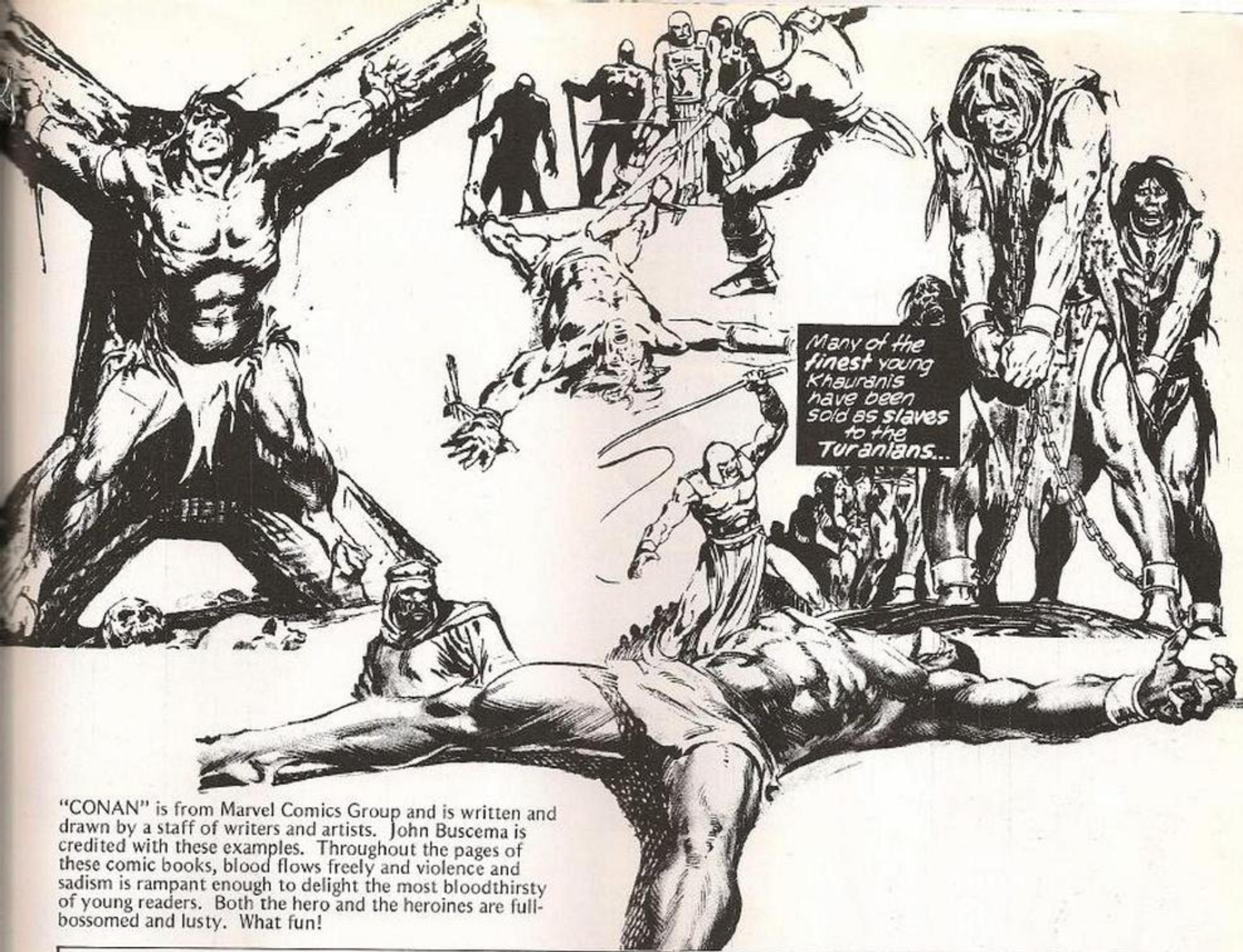
LIKE THE MOVIES, STAGE AND TV, THE FUNNIES HAVE THEIR MOMENTS IN THE S & M SCHEME OF THINGS—READ ON...



"GARTH" is by Frank Bellamy, John Allard and Jim Edger. The only paper we ever saw it in is The Menomonee Falls Gazette. It has a bloodthirsty story line accompanying its beautiful art. We offer you these few bits and pieces. Titillating, to say the least.

"FLASH GORDON" in its original run by its creator Alex Raymond was incomparable. Dale Arden was a drag, but Flash himself is indestructable. What villain could compare with Ming the Merciless? The terrible things he could think of to do to our hero!



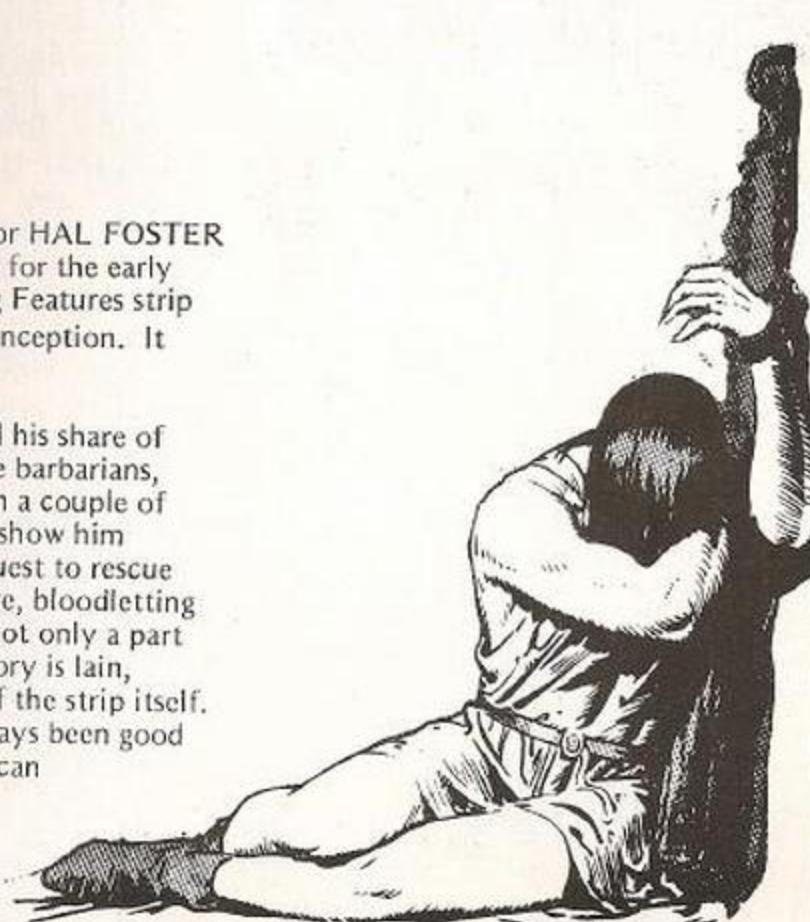


"CONAN" is from Marvel Comics Group and is written and drawn by a staff of writers and artists. John Buscema is credited with these examples. Throughout the pages of these comic books, blood flows freely and violence and sadism is rampant enough to delight the most bloodthirsty of young readers. Both the hero and the heroines are full-bosomed and lusty. What fun!



PRINCE VALIANT remains a classic. His creator HAL FOSTER did the original illustrations for the early TARZAN books. This King Features strip has been a winner from its inception. It seems to go on forever.

PRINCE VALIANT has had his share of suffering at the hands of the barbarians, even experiencing slavery on a couple of occasions. These examples show him being held and sold in his quest to rescue the 'Singing Sword'. Torture, bloodletting and savage infighting were not only a part of the times in which the story is lain, they are very much a part of the strip itself. PRINCE VALIANT has always been good for a hard-on, since anyone can remember.



FRED HALSTED



There are two sides to every story, His and his. Following is Fred's; for Joey's more fictionalized account of their all-consuming passion, see Issue #37 of *GayTimes*.

I was talking to Robert Payne at the DRUMMER office the other day, and he asked me how it was going with Joey.

I met Joseph Yale in '69 in front of the Falcon's Lair, a leather bar in L.A. He was standing on the corner cruising the types going into the bar. I got out of my Ranchero and walked by in my army pants, noticing Joey's cruising eye and pretty, innocent blond figure. I took about ten steps, then went back and asked him if he'd like to follow me home... he did, and I fucked the shit out of him.

Not too long after that I asked him if he would be in my film, "L.A. PLAYS ITSELF." I needed a young boy, and it was about bugs and stuff.

He immediately said yes, and we proceeded to start shooting on weekends. Joey didn't know which way was up, as I was sticking my arm up his sweet ass. Anyway, I was fucking Joey at the time and living with my supposed lover of five years (we stopped having sex after the first six months but continued the fraud of SLEEPING TOGETHER and etc. for five years MORE)... tricking and filming Joey (who, I later found out, only made the film because he thought he could catch me)... I have not yet even PAID Joey his \$500 or five percent for the film. ANYWAY... we met... WE FUCKED... we filmed... and then Joey split (for about two years), writing me off as a lost cause and the film as an excuse to fuck.

I next met little Joey in '71 INSIDE the Lair and invited him home. (I was now living in my fantastic, soundproofed pad above the notorious SUNSET STRIP.) Things had gone well for me in the two years... got rid of the fake love and bought a groovy private house... so I bring Joey up to my fort and drop my pants in front of the fireplace and stand silhouetted in my jockstrap for his adulation... Joey knows somewhat about me already and proceeds to present himself for my consideration... I tied him to my bed as I lied to him and told him I wanted him to "LICK MY BOOTS, BABY" and implied no great physical dangers... ANYWAY... here I am, stoned in my fort, with really cute Joey TIED to my bed... SHIT... I forgot about my boots and found my WHIPS AND STUFF and proceeded to rape his neat tight body and force his incredible MOUTH to do all kinds of perverse things as I beat him with my vast array of SEX-TOOLS... after I let this beautiful and TALENTED slave up, he RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE screaming at me... "YOU'RE A MONSTER... I NEVER, NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN"... that was not the first time I heard any kind of rap like that, so I dismissed his hysteria and walked him to the car saying... "YOU'LL BE BACK"...

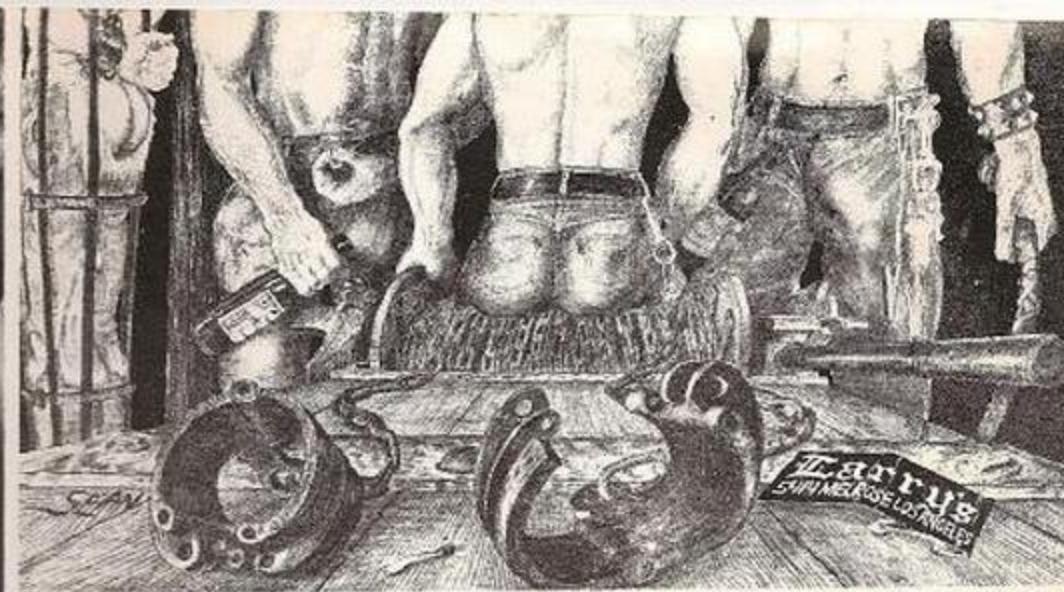
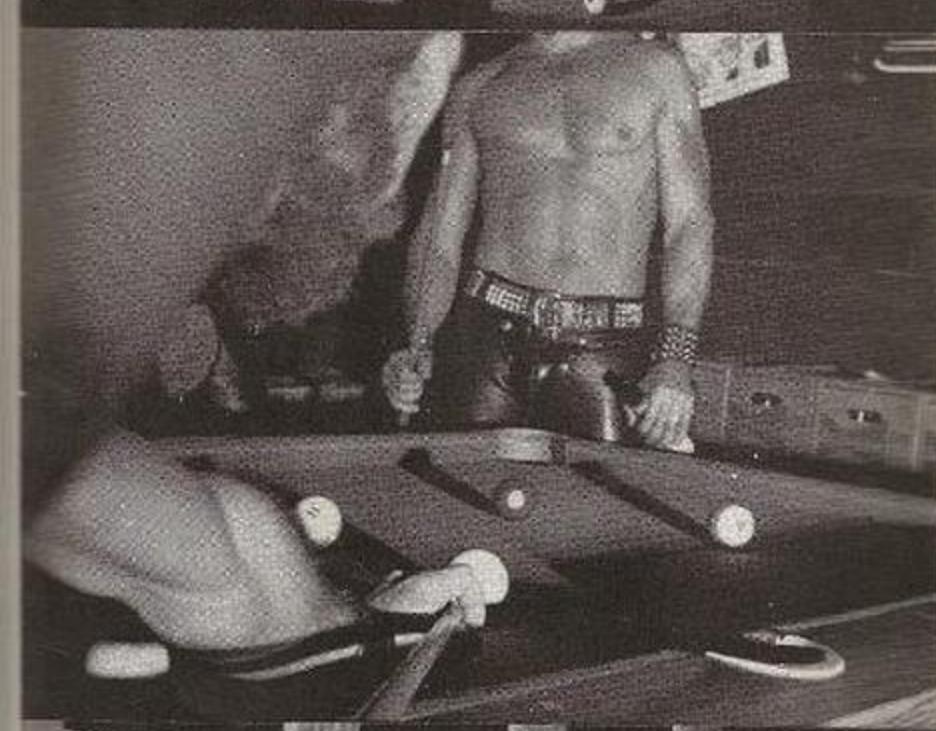
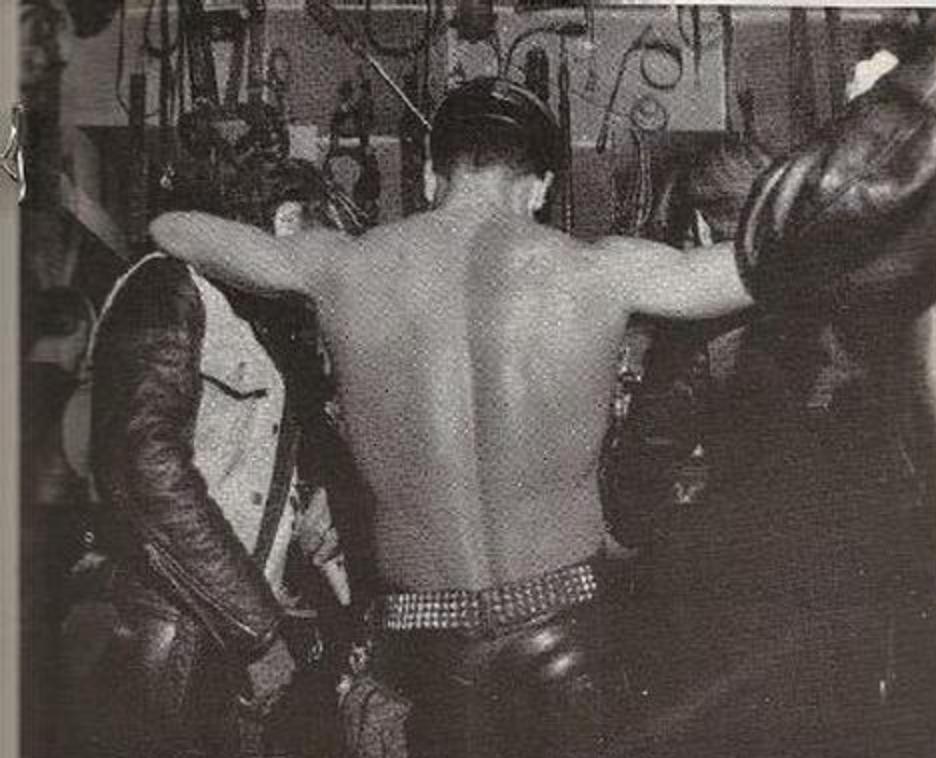
(This is a postscript.) I recently found out that AFTER this memorable fuck (memorable to Joey)... my mind rotted out several years ago...

INNOCENT JOEY tells his friends all about this horrible evening... how I forced him to commit unspeakable perversions (I DID) and tied him up and unmercifully beat him after tricking him into it (I DID)... and on and on... seems we have some of the same acquaintances, and I start hearing about poor Joey and what a demon I am (I AM)... HAHAHA... I laugh at my friends. (Remember, "LA PLAYS" hasn't been released yet, so people are BUYING little... 5'1", the right CROTCH SIZE... Joey's remarks.) I tell them... "HE LOVED IT" ... ANYWAY.

I just learned he told some friends (who evidently think highly of themselves) and they told him they were going to form a VIGILANTE SQUAD and RIGHT THE WRONG and FORCE ME into doing ALL THE DESPICABLE things to them... me now being on the receiver's (JOEY'S) end... JOEY'S friends are all studettes (usually with HUGE COCKS) and not at all on my level... needless to say, nothing came of THAT GROUP... had they been so naive as to try to attack ME and force ME into a slave's role (to avenge poor Joey)... I would not be responsible for their poor, torn apart corpses... all six of them I would chew up and spit out while I am reading HERMAN COMICS in the LA TIMES (the only good part) and pruning my aspidistra.

April '74. My buddy MITCH takes me to LARRY'S BAR after we did a sneak preview of the really hot SAIL-OR RAPE scene of "SEXTROL" at the Vista porno house here in L.A.... anyway, I felt good and the film looked hot, so I went out... I stay home a lot... and there at LARRY'S was little JOEY (who watched me for some time before he came up to me)... ANYWAY... we said HELLO... and after the usual bullshit of asking each other how we were, I offered the usual b'lsht of why don't he come home with me... he says NO... I said "WHAT DID YOU SAY?"... he says I don't want to go home with you cause I don't want to get that beat up... I lied again... told him I've changed and it would be a very LAID BACK EVENING... Joey finds it difficult to say NO to me... following me in his car he knew I was lying and he knew I knew he knew I was lying... ANYWAY... it seems in my bedroom is the infamous double iron-spring bunk bed that I had just filmed and put into the room... just hot naked springs to bite against groovy flesh for my pleasure.

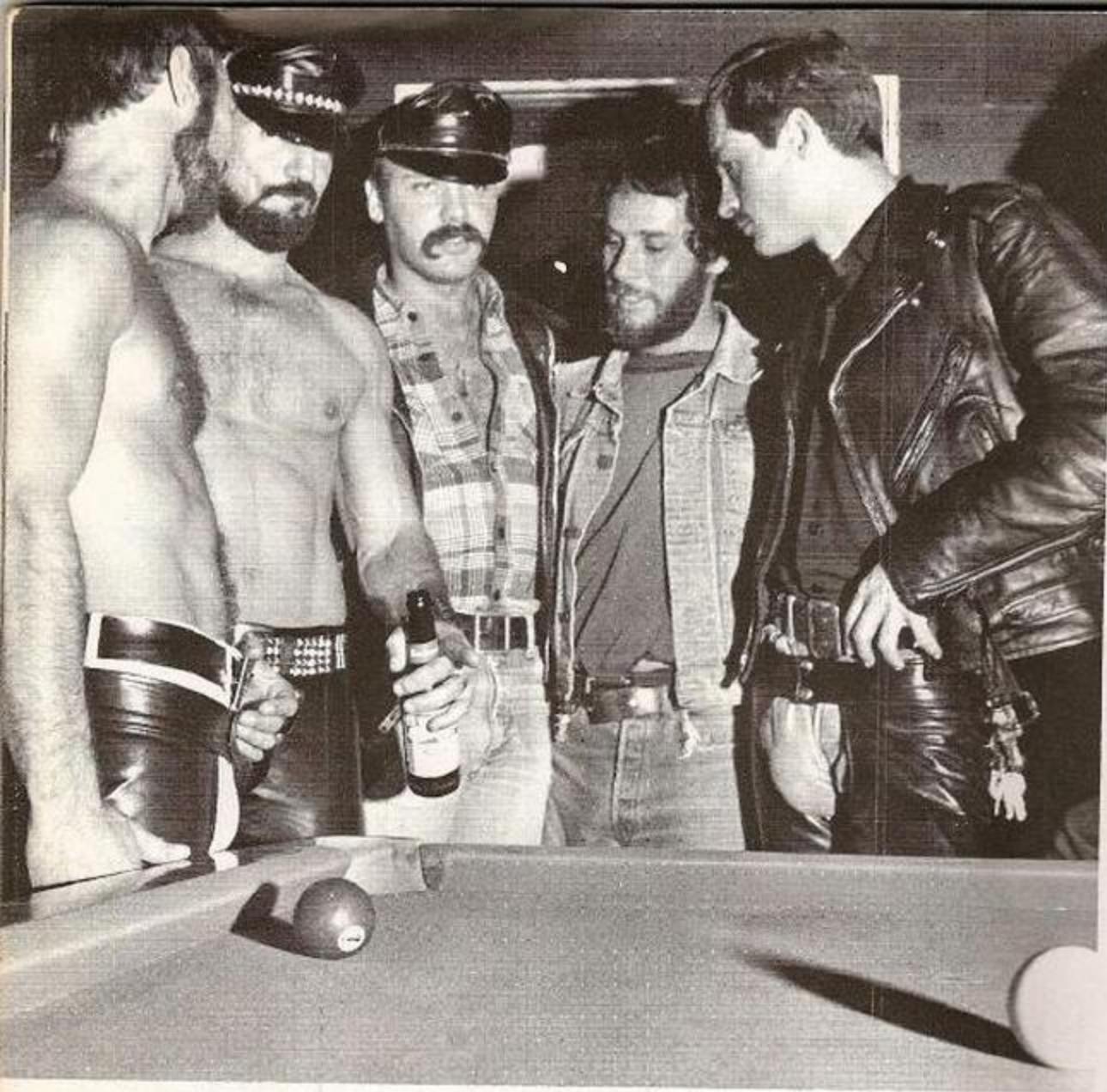
FRED HALSTED



DRUMMER visits Larry's

There are currently two top bars in Los Angeles that have become headquarters for the local Leather crowd. One is for fun and one is for real. The real one is Larry's, and the difference is that it was designed and built by Larry "The Mad Welder" Young who is as serious about S&M as anyone can be. His preoccupation is obvious the minute you pass through the front door of heavy prison steel. Once inside Larry's dungeon, complete with walls of gray stone and the largest collection of torture equipment and sextoys in any bar, you notice a distinct atmosphere of apprehension and expectation. The scene is for real, and nobody walks in unless he's horny to begin with. You can cut the sexual tension with a riding crop.

—turn page, please . . .



Photography by J & R STUDIOS

There are shackles on the wall to make sure your slave stays in one place. Of heavy wrought iron, they fasten easily with a bolt or your lock. Either way, you know right where to find him.

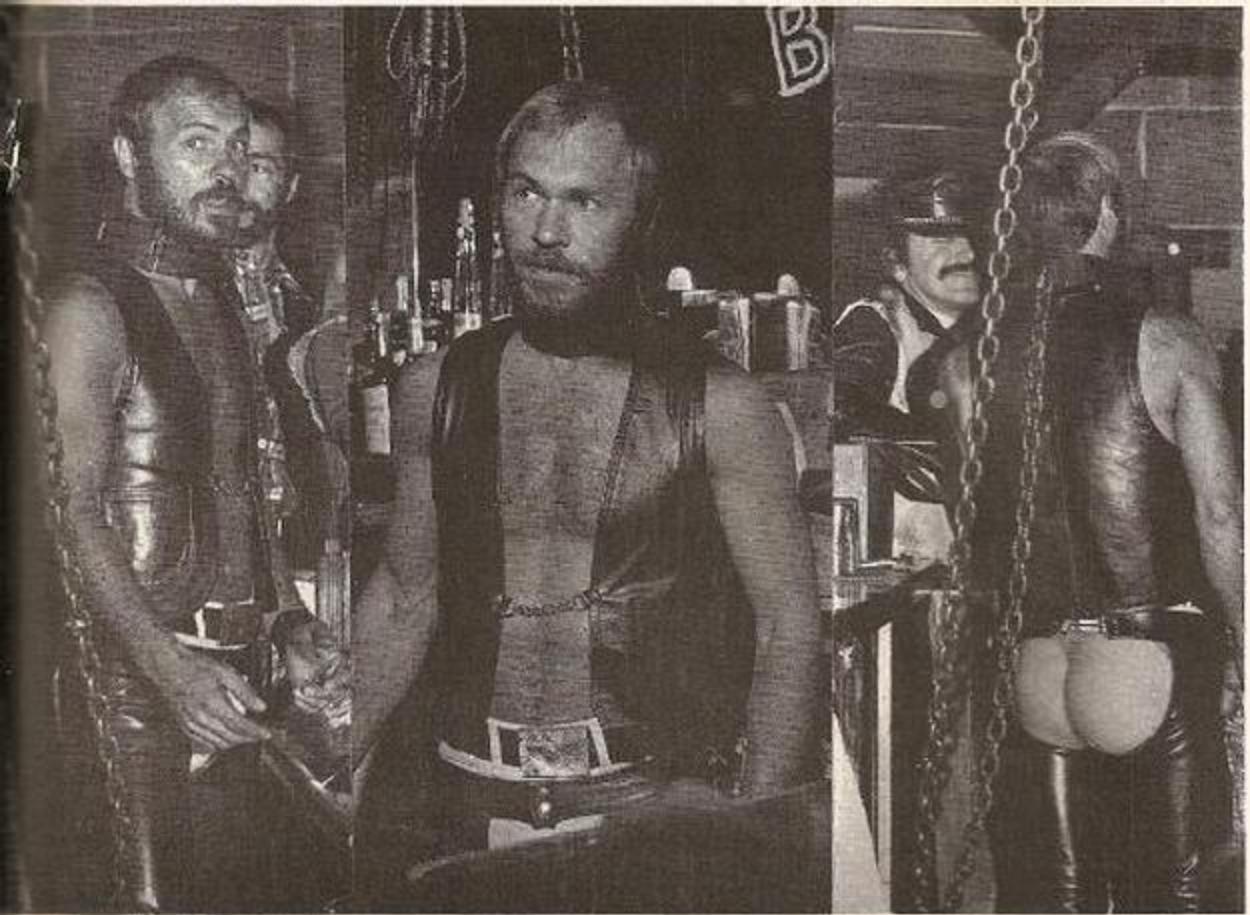
DRUMMER Visits Larry's

CONTINUED—

The first object that catches your eye is an authentic torture rack weighing several hundred pounds and complete with steel shackles, chains and winch that will stretch more than your imagination. Hanging on the walls are various torture devices: hoods, harnesses, gags, whips, paddles, tit clamps, cattle prods, collars and chains. One of DRUMMER's favorites is the "ass spreader," adapted from an authentic vet's speculum, the self-locking device used to clamp open an animal's mouth. From the ceiling in a room just off the main bar is hung a Boot Hoist: military boots secured upside-down on a board suspended by a rope hoist and pulley. It seems to keep a lot of M's hanging around.

For those into water sports, Larry's toilets are provided with steel collars and double sets of shackles strategically located. Locked in place, you'd have a hard time refusing even the "Big Apple," a red rubber inflatable balloon meant for the rectum. (Larry's has one of these painful items providing a spot of color behind the bar.)





The bar seems to draw a social cross section of people who are united chiefly by a common interest in far-out sex. Although not all of the customers are participants, the percentage of those active in discipline, humiliation, bondage, water sports and/or scat is higher than practically anywhere in the country. Larry's intention is to set a mood that is super-heavy, bizarre, trashy. And it succeeds. The lights are dim and the music seems designed by its volume and careful selection of raunch-rock to discourage casual social conversation. "Ya wanna fuck?" is about all you can hear over the Heavy Metal Sounds.



(Above)

JERRY

is kept chained to the ceiling during LARRY'S FULL MOON FESTIVALS.

JERRY was a front-running candidate in the HAWK'S LEATHER SABBAT for the Mr. Leather title.

FULL MOON NIGHT at LARRY'S has been changed to a reservation-only status. You must get your free ticket in advance from Larry himself, and show up in Leather before 10 p.m. Tourists and voyeurs stand in line outside.

Surprisingly, with such a dedication to trashy sex, the bar is clean and good liquor is well served (even if the bartenders are often chained to the walls). Tuesday evening is Bandana Night, a special evening for one to denote his sex practice by the color and placement of his bandana. While not running a dating service, Larry, if he's present, is usually willing to tell you what somebody's trip is, and how heavy, so that you don't wind up with a scene that will break you.

A recent institution is Full Moon Night, held once a month when the moon has waxed to its fullest. On this occasion, which is a sort of costume party, everyone is encouraged to bring his serious trips out in public. Judges pick the individual, pair and group who reveal the most severe and real scene. Gag your M, hood him, brand him, chain him and drag him in. The prizes are worth the effort if you can show true class.

The purpose of Larry's is to render fantasies real. It is terrifying. Larry built it that way.

—WILLIAM WULFWINE

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The Leather BAR SCENE!



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DOOTHAN

The Upstairs 314 N. Foster

ARIZONA

PHOENIX

Nu Towne Saloon Van Buren near 48th
Ramrod 395 N. Black Canyon Rd.
Wild Willie's 1622 Grand

CALIFORNIA

GARDEN GROVE

Saddle Club 8192 Garden Grove
LONG BEACH

C. C. Rider 2129 Long Beach Blvd.
Mike's Corral 2020 E. Artesia
Stallion 5823 Atlantic Ave.

Wayne's Meal Rack 2131 Long Beach Blvd.

LOS ANGELES/HOLLYWOOD

Bunkhouse 4519 Santa Monica
Detour 1087 Manzanita
Griff's 5574 Melrose Ave.
Headquarters 1941 Hyperion Ave.
Larry's 5414 Melrose Ave.
Outcast 4223 Santa Monica Blvd.
Rusty Nail 7994 Santa Monica Blvd.
Silver Dollar Saloon 4356 Sunset Blvd.
Stud 4216 Melrose Ave.
One Way 612 N. Hoover
1170 Club 1170 N. Western Ave.

LOS ANGELES/VALLEY

Brewery 12319 Ventura Blvd.
Frank's Buckeroo Inn 902 Hollywood Way
Junction 10522 Burbank Blvd.
Hayloft 11818 Ventura Blvd.

PALM SPRINGS

Party Room 67-977 Highway 111

SACRAMENTO

Montana Saloon 7604 Fair Oaks Blvd.

SAN DIEGO

Bee Jay's 750 Indio St.
Riff Raff 1005 Kettner
The Hole 2820 Lytton

SAN FRANCISCO

Boot Camp 1010 Bryant
Dude 990 Post (at Larkin)
Febe's 1501 Folsom
Folsom Prison 15th at Folsom
Midnight Sun 506 Castro
No Name Bar 1347 Folsom
Polk Gulch Saloon 1090 Post
Rainbow Cattle Co. 199 Valencia
Ramrod 1255 Folsom
Round-up 298 6th St.
Stud 1535 Folsom

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SANTA BARBARA

Thirty West Cota 30 W. Cota St.

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Brothers 484 May St.

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Ramrod 1001 N.E. 2nd
Tool Room 3604 S.W. 8th

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Sherwood 7 N. 1st St.

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KiKiSaloon 909 N. Tampa
Ohio Bar 102 Polk
Rene's 2605 W. Kennedy

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Loft 728 Rampart
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Shipmates 1735 Maryland

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Shed 272 Huntington
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Tiffany's 17436 Woodward Ave.

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KANSAS CITY

Pit 1014 Oak
Bob Martin's Bar 201 S. 20th

MONTANA

BILLINGS

Frank's Hole 1625 Central
Cockpit 131 Moore
Pack Trail Inn Pine Hills

NEBRASKA

OMAHA

Diamond Bar 516 S. 16th St.

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Barn 232 Park Ave. South
Boot Hill 317 Amsterdam
Boots & Saddle 76 Christopher St.
Cave ASK Locally
Cell Block 372 W. 11th St.
Dungeon 835 Washington
Eagle's Nest 21st St. at 11th Ave.
Everard's 28 W. 28th
Gauntlet 86 11th Ave.
Gilded Grape 719 8th Ave.
Keller's 384 West St.
Loading Zone 568 9th Ave.
Nine Plus 149 W. 21st St.
Picadilly Pub 324 Amsterdam
Plowboy 1608 2nd Ave.
Ramrod 394 West St.
Roadhouse 518 Hudson
Seashell 394 W. 10th St.
Spike Bar 11th and 20th Sts.
Strap 18th St. at 10th Ave.
Ty's 114 Christopher St.
QUEENS

What A Dump 76-07 Roosevelt Ave.

The Leather BAR SCENE

OHIO

AKRON Satan's Inferno 351 W. Market
 CLEVELAND Leather Stallion 2203 St. Clair
 TOLEDO Scenic Bar 702 Monroe

OREGON

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Golden Spur 1104 Tuam
 La Caja 1732 Westheimer
 Locker 1022 Westheimer
 Mary's

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE

Chalet 1135 Rainier
 Dylan's 1224 Howell
 Johnny's Handlebar 2018 First

WISCONSIN

MILWAUKEE

Wreck Room 266 E. Erie

WYOMING

CHEYENNE

Sam's Place 1600 Central Ave.

To the best of DRUMMER'S knowledge, all of the above bars are still alive and living in Leather. If you can keep us informed of openings and/or closings of Leather Bars in your area...or let us know what we have missed—it will keep us all informed of where the Leather Bar action is. Thanks.

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LEATHER BAR



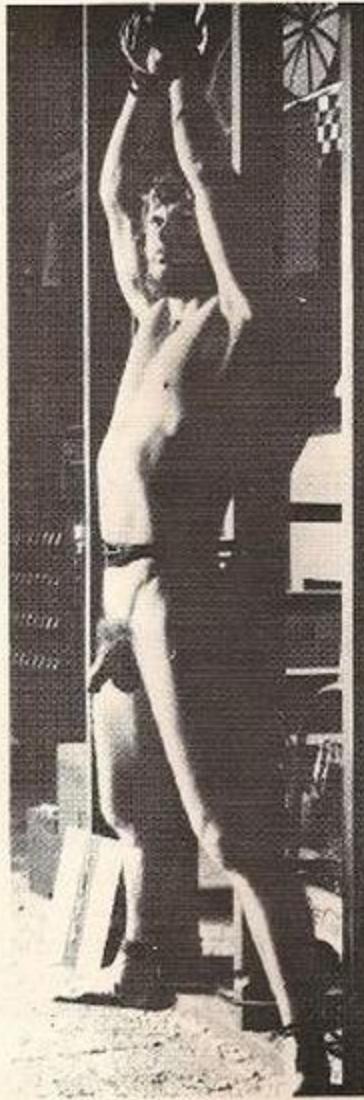
CANADA

MONTREAL, P.Q.

Bud's Lounge 1250 Stanley
 Cafe Regent Apollo 5116 Ave du Parc
 Dominion Square Tavern 1243 Metcalfe
 Lincoln Cafe 4479 St. Denis
 Neptune Taverne 1121 des Commissaires, W.
 Taureau d'Or 1419 Drummond

TORONTO, ONTARIO

Barracks 56 Widmer St.
 Colonial 203 Yonge St.
 VANCOUVER, B.C.
 Playpen South 1369 Richard St.



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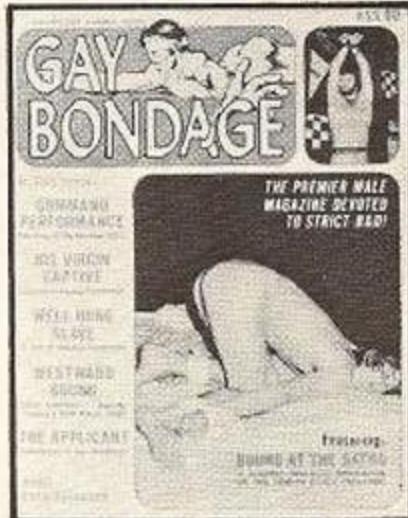
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In passing

DRUMMER MARCHES ON...

The first issue of the new year is as good a time for a progress report as any DRUMMER has progressed beyond our wildest dreams, creating special, if desirable, problems. This, our fourth issue had to be upped eight pages, requiring being made over at the last minute. The press run is 25% larger than the last issue. We will have a British, European and Pacific distributor this time around. Incidentally, one reader in Fort Worth reports being charged \$7.50 for a copy of DRUMMER at a local bookstore. This is flattering, but unnecessary. The letters section (SIR!) reflects a small portion of our incoming correspondence from around the world. It is gratifying to hear from so many old and new friends. The Fraternity is booming, with a Slave Auction (for charity) and an All-Leather run planned for the coming year.

'THE INFORMANT'...

We were amused to see in an editorial in a newsletter titled "The Informant," an attack on a book called "Beyond Success and Failure." One line quoted from the book, and to which they justifiably took offense was, "Homosexuals hate each other, both individually and collectively. They actively belittle and disparage each other, openly and behind the

back; and denigrate the achievement of the others" (corrections in spellings, ours). "The Informant" then proceeds to prove the quotation accurate by attacking everyone and everything in sight. Their critiques are based on personal prejudice, and in our case, misinformation. On the last page of their mimeographed effort, they have given a San Francisco MD a mechanical masturbation machine as first prize for having the most complaints—justified or otherwise—against gay sources. We, and our attorneys, have written to them, pointing out what shaky legal ground they were on, promising them a fat lip and/or a lawsuit, and to date we have heard nothing. At any rate, if you want to win a jack-off machine, make up a dozen or so accusations against anyone and send them to "The Informant." It beats jacking off.

ON BROTHERHOOD...

Here is some advice on making out from "THE CARE AND TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE II" and we believe it bears being embroidered on samplers, cast in bronze, scratched on john walls, carved on marble and even burned into willing flesh: "The Gay Fraternity is the largest in the world. It encompasses approximately a fifth of the world's population.

Whenever you go to a strange city, you have thousands of ready-made fraternity brothers. Find one of the gathering places of this ready-made comrade-like a gay bar. Buy a drink and look at some of your brothers. Beautiful. You have something going for you that your straight counterparts do not. Screw up your courage and go over to talk to one of these beautiful people. That's probably where it all stops. You will probably instantly be classified as: 1. Desirable, but maybe someone better will come along, or, 2. Not desirable (according to one's fantasies) and not worth knowing because there is only a few hours cruising time. The beauty in question very likely will end up going home alone. So will you, if you take him seriously. We are all brothers, and, in spite of politics, religion, ethnic, racial or family backgrounds, we have a couple of great motivating tie-ins: a common sexual need, and in the case of Leather, similar tastes in its practice. Rejecting someone in order to bolster one's own ego is a cheap shot. You don't have to make it with everyone you talk to. But reach out, live a little. Even love a little. Whatever your sexual bag is, you are dealing with a brother. Act like one."

ROBERT PAYNE

ADVICE TO A NEW SLAVE

You have now given yourself or been sold to your new Master. Every Master is unique, but there are certain pointers and guidelines which should make the general adjustment to your new life easier. Remember that your entire life is now dedicated to serving and pleasing Him in any way He desires.

1. Obey your Master fully, immediately and silently (except for "Yes, Sir"). Do not attempt to understand the reason behind the command. It is none of your concern.
2. Never question your Master in public. A Master is judged by the slaves He keeps, and a hesitant or disobedient slave is the worst possible reflection on Him.
3. Every statement or question directed to your Master should contain the word "Sir," or "Mas-

ter" if He prefers. It is a sign of respect and puts what you are about to say in the proper perspective.

4. Chairs and couches are forbidden to you from now on. Stand at all times unless your Master gives you permission to sit, then sit at His feet. It may be necessary for you to kneel or lie down to perform certain duties. Your Master will instruct you concerning this.
5. Wear your chains and marks with pride. Your Master cares enough for you to want you identified as His property.
6. Accept your punishment gratefully. You may have done nothing intentionally, yet you still need a change of attitude or bearing. Always thank your Master at the end of these sessions.
7. Sexual matters are exclusively your Master's concern. He will tell you what He wants and when. Never question His judgment. If He requires something which you feel is beyond you, relax and be quiet; He may be trying to help you become a better slave by expanding your experience in this area.
8. Forget any "limits" you may have had; those are for weekend slavery trips. Your Master wants to protect His property and will do nothing to endanger it.
9. Take care of your health. A sick slave is a burden to his Master.
10. Always be available to your Master, but stay out of His hair. He has more important things to do than supervise you 24 hours a day.

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